

## Shakespeare Calling

Thrice is he armed that  
hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though  
locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with  
injustice is corrupted.

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## THE NAMELESS GUESTS

See page 2

Thursday 2d

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## THE DESERTED PORT ALIVE AGAIN

### Roman Richborough For the Refugees

A DERELICT sea-gate of our famous island bids fair to become again the civilised home of thousands, for Richborough, once again in this 20th century, is astir with life and industry, and about to become the biggest refugee camp in the country.

Richborough is the first town named by Bede in our first great history book; and rightly so, for it had already witnessed great events in the story of our nation. Even today it displays for all to see the greatest piece of the Roman Empire still above ground in our southern counties.

#### The Seaport of the South

Here are the mighty defensive works set up by the legions, and from here started Watling Street. For four centuries Richborough was the seaport of the south, and from its quays on the River Stour the first British army that went to fight in Europe set sail under the Emperor Constantine. A century later the legionaries left here for ever.

Heathen Saxons were then free to enter, but they neglected the magnificent harbour, and the Stour silted up. Yet before its fate was sealed, and Sandwich took its place in medieval days, it was to see the coming of another invader from Rome, armed with no sword this time but with a cross—Augustine. King Ethelbert of Kent met the missionary hereabouts, and an 18-foot cross, a poor thing crumbling and all unworthy, marks the spot in the fields.

This momentous scene took place in 597, and we read all about it in Bede; but after Augustine the heathens came once more, the Danes, and here was the first great victory by the English at sea, when in 851 (a generation before Alfred founded our navy) King

Athelstan of Kent scattered the Danish fleet and brought in ten rich prizes.

Then silence spread over Richborough, and Pegwell Bay was left to its seabirds for a thousand years.

In 1916, with England's freedom under the greatest menace it has ever known, Richborough once more became the scene of energy such as had not been known for 15 centuries. The River Stour was widened and deepened, a canal cut, hundreds of acres of marsh reclaimed, and great wharves equipped. From the new port thousands of barges carried war stores to France, 1,250,000 tons in all.

Meanwhile the engineers worked night and day to build a sea-going railway, and soon the famous train ferry was in being, railed ships carrying 54 ten-ton trucks coming and going in safety until the war was won.

And then once more came silence, except for the seabird's call and the echo of the traveller's motor thrown back by the long walls of buildings that were empty. The tale of two deserted seaports seemed complete.

#### Training For Trades

But the troubles of the world have revived the need for Richborough. It has now been chosen as the chief camp for the thousands of refugees from Germany, having been acquired by the Council for German Jewry under the Lord Baldwin Fund.

The biggest camp of its kind in the country, it is being renewed with timber, paint, and so on by 100 refugees in readiness for 3500 between the ages of 18 and 35 to live in. The Jewish Lads Brigade will run it, and it will have its own cinema and hospital.

At Richborough they will have an intensive training in engineering, agri-

## TWO MILLION MEN DOING NOTHING

### Give Them Something To Do

It is a bitter thing that in these anxious days the tragedy of our unemployed grows more and more appalling.

The number of idle men is now over two millions, the biggest number for three years.

The only thing that can be said about it is that it is a national scandal. For ten years and more the C N has been urging that these men should be paid for doing something instead of doing nothing, and never was there more work waiting to be done than now.

The scheme the C N has urged again and again is that a list should be made of work which could be done by these two million men, and that the nation should call on them to work out their unemployment pay by doing it. It is perfectly simple; it is apparently because it is so simple that nothing is done.

Imagine the country organised into, let us say, ten provinces for dealing with this matter. In each province there would be a plan of work to be done, work which has often been waiting for years. Let us say that it needs 1000 men, and that the wages due are £3000 a week. This sum is being paid weekly, let us say, to 2000 idle men, and these 2000 would be set apart, each giving half a week's work for his half a week's pay, so that 1000 men would be available all the time at no wages cost to the State.

That is to say, a man who gets half a week's wages for doing nothing would give half a week's work to the nation for it. He would be a better man, the nation would be better off, and this tragedy would cease.

We have been delighted to see such a powerful man as Mr Beverley Baxter, M P, calling on the Government to do something of this kind. Mr Baxter suggests that we should call this idle army of ours the Industrial Reserve, a reserve army of labour on which the Government could call for public works. It is an excellent plan, and entirely sympathetic with ours. Our plan simply turns unemployed pay into wages; when the State gives a man a pound it gives it to him for doing something instead of doing nothing. We beg Mr Baxter to get up in the House of Commons and refuse to sit down until the Government does something in this matter. If we are to have peace and security it can never be while this great army of idle men stands looking at the work that is waiting to be done.

Continued from the previous column

culture, and trades like boot-repairing and tailoring, while in the evening they will learn English and Spanish. All will then be emigrated so that they need not be a permanent liability on this country. The camp will cost £80,000 a year to run, but it will be charity well spent.

Kent as a county has already a good name for its goodwill to refugees, and has many evidences of the Huguenots and the Flemings. It may be that Richborough will yet live on as a great town because the English people welcomed the afflicted from other lands and were repaid a hundredfold.



A FARMER CONDUCTING WILD PONIES FROM THE BARREN HEIGHTS OF DARTMOOR TO THE GREEN VALLEYS BELOW



## WITH THE FLAG IN BASUTOLAND

### The High Commissioner Takes the Bridle Paths

The little daughter of one of the officers concerned has sent us an account of a High Commissioner's visit in Basutoland, being the visit of Sir William Clark, "the first High Commissioner to take the Bridle Paths" into the heart of the Maluti Mountains. Sir William had with him Lady Clark, Miss Gore-Brown, and some officials.

The party left Maseru, the capital, headed by a policeman carrying a Union Jack on a lance-shaft, with about 300 natives cheering and shouting as they went. All along the road chiefs followed by their headmen came to greet the Big Chief, laden with offerings of sheep and cattle according to an old Basuto custom. At sunset they arrived at their first camp, Ribaneng; at six o'clock the bugle sounded retreat, and the flag was lowered and put away, every man at attention.

At eight the next morning they left for Ketane, and on Sunday morning moved on towards the Maletsunyane Falls. Monday was spent quietly resting and seeing the mountains and valleys of the interior. It is a sight that will never be forgotten, and the Falls were wonderful after the rains. Early the next morning they left for Makhoolipane, where Lieutenant Bigg had crossed the mountains to meet them. On Wednesday they moved to their last camp at Makhaleng, where Lieutenant Aitcherson welcomed them with hot soup. From here the party travelled through the mountains to Moitsepelis, followed all the way by hundreds of natives and the representative of the Paramount Chief.

Here the High Commissioner presented for the Paramount Chief and two minor chiefs three blankets, and there were native war dances and great shoutings from the assembled crowds. After this the party returned to the capital, and spent the night there before leaving for Durban, all having enjoyed themselves so much that it is hoped it will be the first of many such visits to the Switzerland of South Africa.

## THE NAMELESS GUESTS

### 200 Scholars in Exile

*There is no reason why, as a result of help to the refugee scholars, we should not make this country the intellectual centre of the world.*

Sir Samuel Hoare

There was a distinguished gathering of 800 people at Burlington House last week.

Among them were ten ambassadors and other diplomats, and a great number of scientists and artists whose names are known in most civilised lands.

But over 200 of these distinguished people were guests without a name; that is to say, they must be nameless because in many cases they have relatives in their own countries who would probably suffer if they were brought into prominence over here. They are refugee scientists and scholars from six European countries, many of them once comparatively wealthy, and all now living on grants of £2 or £3 a week.

This little host of exiled scholars was received by one of our noblest Englishmen, Sir William Bragg.

## Road and Rail Agree

Our Road and Railway chiefs have reached agreement as to the part each should play in the conveyance of goods for industry. The two forms of transport are to continue side by side as competitive but coordinated agencies, each winning traffic by the quality of the service rendered. A Bill is to be laid before Parliament to make the necessary changes in the laws governing both parties to the agreement.

## Goodbye to the Old Sovereign

WITH the introduction of a Bill under which the gold and other reserves in the Bank of England will be revalued the Government has sounded the knell of the old sovereign which jingled so hopelessly in Uncle's pockets before the war.

An Act of Parliament is required, as the Bank, with all its powers, is the servant of the State, which has always made the rules that it must obey like anyone else.

For a hundred years or so the value of the gold sovereign had to be reckoned on the basis of an ounce of fine gold being worth 85s; in other words, the weight of gold in a sovereign equalled a pound sterling. If before the war you took a five-pound note to the Bank of England the cashier was bound to hand you five gold sovereigns in exchange.

But gold, like any other commodity, is bought and sold, and its market value is nearly double 85s an ounce. When this country "went off gold" seven years ago it did not alter this law, and the result has been that the Bank has continued to publish the value of its

assets at the old fixed rate, and many of us have hoped the old sovereign might come back. The new Bill will enable the weekly market rate of gold to be followed, and a seven-year fiction brought to an end; but the Bill has to do something more, for the Bank is empowered to issue notes in proportion to the amount of gold and other assets it holds, and thus £100,000,000 in new currency would be available. Such a result would be bad for everybody, so assets to this amount will be transferred to what is called the Exchange Equalisation Account, which buys or sells gold in the open market in order to keep the value of the pound sterling as constant as possible.

Of course, in view of the fact that the Exchange takes the excess, it will have to make up any deficiency.

The new measure means a definite break with the past, and it is debatable whether it will make the introduction of a new gold standard easier in the future. Yet the abolition of any fiction in money matters is a very good thing.

## A Voice From Vienna

This pathetic letter has reached us, and we shall be glad to communicate with the writer on behalf of any CN reader who can help. The husband is 53, the wife 41.

Vienna, 11 January, 1939

DEAR SIR, Like a sign from heaven we have got your address. I and my wife beg to excuse us for troubling you with this letter. In our great distress we know no other way than to apply to entirely strange people. We are obliged to leave Germany within two months and don't know where we should go.

We pray and beseech you to help us in any way to come to England. Could you or one of your acquaintances engage a married couple and enable us by this way to get the allowance to enter England?

Both we are speaking tolerably well English, willing and able to work hard

without payment, only for lodging and food. My wife could work as a cook, housekeeper, nurse, maidservant, laundress, ironer, milliner. I could do all the rough work of a household as well as work as washer, ironer, porter, butler, gardener.

We are desperate, for we are not allowed to stay here any longer than two months, and have no relatives or acquainted people abroad who could support our endeavour to leave this country within the short time left to us.

We hope and trust you will show us a way or help us to reach England, and thank you for your kindness, hoping that the importance of the matter will be the best excuse for troubling you.

We would be very thankful for a soon favourable reply.

Yours very sincerely

## Princess Elizabeth's New Found Land

The favourite child of the British Empire, Princess Elizabeth, has received a great surprise, for a white land eight times as big as England has been named after her.

It is Mr Lincoln Ellsworth who has done this handsome thing, paying a compliment to the Antarctic, the United States, and to our Motherland.

From his plane he saw, beneath him, stretching 600 miles or more each way, a vast snow-covered plain which none had seen before. He was the first that ever burst upon that silent scene. He surveyed it, and as monarch of all he surveyed he annexed it to America.

Then, remembering the noble part which Great and Greater Britain have played in charting the shores of the Antarctic Continent, once rescuing him when stranded on one of them, he paid us the compliment of naming the new territory Princess Elizabeth's Land.

So, as we may hope, when in the distant future Princess Elizabeth's Land may prove a snow-white El Dorado, both halves of the Anglo-Saxon race will fraternally share it.

## United

I feel bound to make it plain that the solidarity of interests by which France and this country are united is such that any threat to the vital interests of France, from whatever quarter it came, must evoke the immediate co-operation of this country.

The Prime Minister in the House of Commons

## THE LONGEST REIGN

### A Great Prince Mourned by His People

Reigning over the Indian State of Baroda for 64 years, sitting on a throne longer than any British sovereign in our history, the Maharaja Gaekwar, now being mourned by his people, was a personality long to be remembered in the Empire.

He was literally called from the primitive plough to rule a State which was both corrupt and bankrupt, but by sheer force of will he raised it to prosperity and made it an example to all Native States. Living a very full life himself, he encouraged education and did his utmost to suppress the caste evils of his race.

## From the Thames to the Cape in 40 Hours

Only a young man with ample vitality could do what Mr Alex Henshaw did last week.

He set out from Gravesend early one morning in his little plane, a Percival Mew Gull, and landed at Capetown the next night. His journey of nearly 7000 miles was made in less than forty hours, including four stops. It is a remarkable feat of endurance to sit for hour after hour, day and night, behind a monotonously droning engine while travelling at about three miles a minute over sea, desert, and jungle. For 1000 miles of the journey Mr Henshaw was battered about in turbulent cloud, and, with his machine out of control on several occasions, we need not be surprised that he said he felt like jumping out with his parachute.

Mr Henshaw's flight was the fastest that has ever been made between England and Capetown.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A descendant of Sir Isaac Newton has just passed on in Southport; he was a well-known lecturer on the work of his famous ancestor.

One of the best orders ever placed for cloth in Lancashire was one for a million yards of sheeting given by our Government the other day.

By collecting a penny a week for seven years from parishioners the Bishop of Liverpool has got enough money to build five churches and 20 parish halls.

About 50 sheep were rescued alive in Yorkshire after having been buried in the snow for ten days.

The PDSA sent a lorry-load of food down to the Dartmoor ponies when their food was cut off by snow.

The Post Office has now over 14 million miles of telephone wires.

The question of a new bridge or a tunnel across the Severn is being revived.

A motorist has been fined £100 at Newcastle for being drunk while driving.

Last year was the healthiest on record for British babies, the mortality rate being as low as 53 in 1000 for infants under one year old.

About 1200 tons of potatoes unsuitable for ordinary marketing are to be made into cattle food each week in factories to be established in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland.

## Guns For Hungry People

Herr Bürckel, the new German Consul for the new Austria, has the orthodox Nazi creed by heart.

He has told the Viennese people that their lower standard of living, which, strangely enough, cannot be hid from them, is all due to the wicked democracies which are threatening Germany with war.

That was why they were forced to produce guns instead of butter, he said, and why the Austrian unemployed had to produce arms instead of useful goods.

## THINGS SEEN

A strip of light 1200 yards long on the ground at Heston Aerodrome.

Queues of women outside Berlin shops waiting to buy coffee.

A dog in a Transvaal reservoir swimming ashore with a drowning black child.

Arab leaders in their flowing robes walking in London.

A little auk picked up exhausted on a farm at Swinfield, near Dover.

## THINGS SAID

Wars always begin with a ringing of bells and end with a wringing of hands.  
Dean Inge

In bronze-printing two parts of sulphur in a million in the ink or paper will cause tarnishing.

Department of Scientific Research

If England is at war we are at war.

Prime Minister of Canada

To have a dictator you must have two things: a man big enough to dictate and the people dumb enough to be dictated to.

Mr Henry Ford

Those who want the National Park should band themselves together as Friends of Dovedale.

Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University

## THE BROADCASTER

ELEVEN THOUSAND refugees have given work for 15,000 British workers who would otherwise be idle.

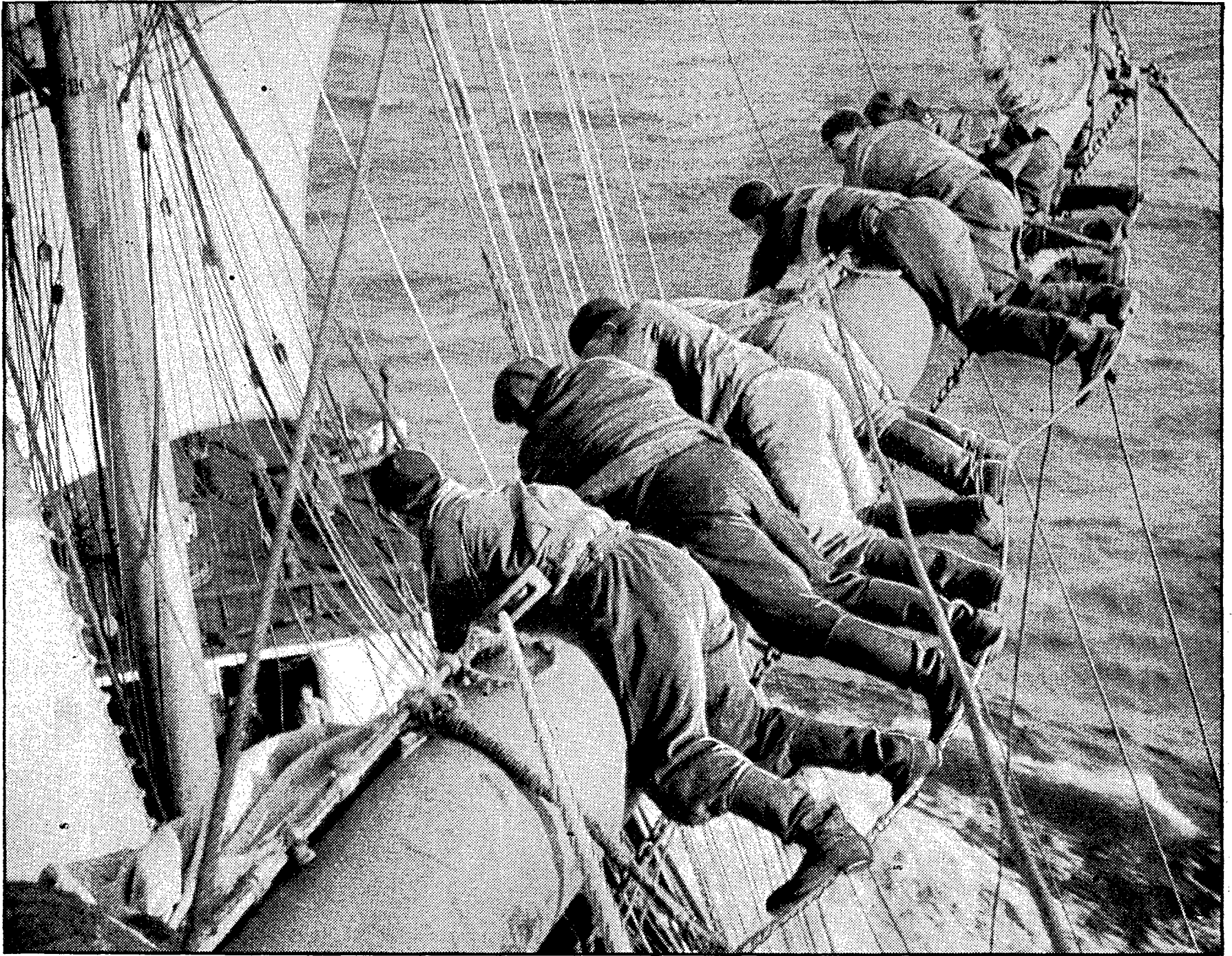
THE transfer of fur trade from Leipzig has made London the chief world market for furs.

LORD SOUTHWOOD's appeal for wireless for the blind has brought in £33,800.

OVER ten million workers will this year receive holidays with pay.



## Spring Flowers • Life on a Windjammer • Home For Horses



**Life on a Windjammer**—Although it is a hard life there is no lack of crews for the old sailing ships which are still doing good work in the seven seas. Nerves of steel are required for work up aloft, such as taking in the mainsail, as these men are doing



**Spring Flowers**—A smiling little maid among the tulips grown near Bognor Regis for the London market



**Horses in Retirement**—Miss E. Briggs with some of her friends at the home of rest for horses which she conducts at Broadstairs



## INSURING AGAINST THE WORST Hoping For the Best THE GOVERNMENT'S WAR SCHEME

There ought to be a quiet feeling of reassurance in contemplating the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme for insuring against war losses.

It is a businesslike way of preparing for the worst while hoping for the best. It reminds us of what we knew before from our experience of the Great War, and what we have learned since of the cruel wars waged since. We know that bombs wreck houses and kill and injure innocent people; that ships are sunk and merchant seamen lose their lives; that immense stores of commodities as well as of food are destroyed.

### The Country Must Pay

These things have to be looked in the face, and the best we can do is to take steps beforehand to pick up the pieces and make good the damage as best we can. This is what Sir John Simon's Government insurance scheme aims at doing, and its first principle is that, as the injury done by war is injury to the country as a whole, the country as a whole must recompense the individual sufferers.

In the conditions of the new and terrible warfare all countries have to face the civilian is as much in peril as the soldier or the sailor. No man, woman, or child is immune from the danger to life or limb. In a way they are all in the front line trenches when bombs are hurtling in the air. Therefore the Government fund must pay them for injury to their limbs, or pension the dependents of those who lose their lives. The civilian will be compensated for injury on the same scale as the soldier, the merchant sailor, or the naval seaman.

### Damage to Property

Public funds will in the same way pay compensation for injury caused by acts of war to property. But this compensation cannot be guaranteed by an insurance scheme beforehand. The premiums for such pre-insurance could not be calculated, but would certainly be high. All the Chancellor's scheme can promise is that, should war come, when it is over the country will pay on the highest scale it can afford.

The damage to property will be assessed and recorded at the time it is done by the Inland Revenue Board. As this Board imposes on all property owners now a Property Tax it should be able to calculate the damage closely. When the property is not a total loss, but only so far damaged that repairs can be made, these will not have to wait but will be carried out at once. An objection raised to these provisions is that compensation for damage ought to be graded accordingly as the property owner has taken proper precautions, under A R P, to protect his property beforehand.

### When War Clouds Threaten

Compensation will also be paid by the Government Fund for loss of stocks of essential foodstuffs and other commodities that everyone needs. All these can be insured through Lloyd's or the fire insurance offices, which will be able to reinsure with the Government. The same provisions will be made for insuring the hulls of merchant ships and their cargoes. A special sort of insurance will be made while peace still reigns, in order to ensure in times of crisis, when war clouds threaten but may blow away, that the cargo boats will not withhold their imports or exports, but carry on their business as usual.

This part of the scheme will hold good in peace, when private insurance will be voluntary, becoming compulsory should war break out—which God forbid, for of war there is no end.

## The Arabs at St James's

It has been well said that St James's is the friendliest of all our palaces today, seeming to hold out arms to London and all people.

The latest to come within its friendly walls are the delegates from the Near East meeting in the Picture Gallery in an effort to solve the problem of Palestine.

It was here that in 1913 Turkey and the Balkan States signed the Treaty which ended a bitter war, and we may hope the Conference which began last week will bring peace to a country which at that time belonged to Turkey.

The chief parties represented today are the Palestine Arabs and the Jews. Both have claims of which a just settlement is demanded. The Arabs have centuries of ownership behind them, together with promises in the League Mandate that nothing should be done to prejudice their civil and religious rights. The Jews regard this land as their ancient home and rely on the British promise that our Government would do its best to establish Palestine as the national home of the Jewish race. The third party in this Conference, ourselves,

has therefore a very important role to play.

Not only are the Arabs represented by two local groups, the rebels against the established government and the moderates, but as conveners of the Conference we have invited representatives of Arab States beyond the borders of the Mandated territory in the hope that their counsel may bring about appeasement. The most important of these is the Emir Feisal, Viceroy of Mecca and son of Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, and with him is the Emir Seif al Islam Hussein from the smaller territory of Arabia known as Yemen. Prince Abdul Moneim leads a delegation from Egypt, while Iraq and Transjordan, whose Arab rulers are members of the same family, are also represented.

There are two encouraging things about this coming together in London, the first being, of course, the fact that the Arabs have been willing to come at all; the second, the dramatic fact that there are Arab delegates, honoured guests of our Government in luxurious hotels, who have been our prisoners.

## Unknown Friend of the Legion

So deeply did he appreciate the work of the British Legion in the Distressed Areas two years ago that an unknown benefactor gave £5000 toward it.

The Legion doubled its efforts, and the Unknown doubled his, for last year £10,000 came along from the same secret source.

If only all our donations to the funds of this excellent charity were like that—the price we pay for our poppy, for example!

The work of the Legion goes on all the year, and instead of growing less it is unfortunately increasing, because the strain of the war years may only show up with the passing of time, and many a hero who has declined to ask for help in the past has at last reluctantly to seek help from his old comrades.

They know all that the Legion is doing with its 4367 branches, and when there is some local ceremony, we too see a little of what lies behind it. If we knew more many of us would do more to help, and we can easily get this knowledge by visiting our nearest public reading-room, for to all these the Legion has sent its annual report, and the pictures alone repay our trouble. But reading the text or examining the accounts will reveal something even more encouraging, for in these pages is told the efforts being made to lessen a very human tragedy, moving us because of the courage with which those who fought for our freedom in the War are now facing with the same courage the trials of the Peace.

## A Turtle Comes Home

*The time of the singing of birds is come,  
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

The Song of Solomon

TURTLES have drifted on to our southern shores, and one of them washed ashore on the Cornish coast is declared by the Natural History Museum to be the rare Kemp's Loggerhead, which has only lately been recognised as British. It is the fourth specimen of this kind of turtle ever found on the English coast.

It will be news to many people that there is such a thing as a British turtle, for these animals are usually thought of as belonging to warmer, or even sub-tropical, climes. But the loggerhead is not the only one that has drifted ashore here since the beginning of the winter. Kemp's Loggerhead turtle usually frequents the Gulf of Mexico, and so do the other common loggerheads found at Bognor, Tenby, St Ives, Selsey Bill, Charmouth, and Bexhill.

### Flying to Daddy

Phillip Dimmock, who is only six, has just flown from Bourne away up to Singapore to spend his school holidays with his daddy. He made the journey in the flying-boat Castor. First of all it seemed as if there was not going to be room for Phillip, as there was so much mail, but the crew put their heads together and decided to cut down the weight of their luggage to make room for their small passenger.

### The Prize Hedger

There does not seem to be anything the girls of today cannot do. Mary Redhead of Cartmel, Lancashire, aged 14, has surprised the judges in a hedging competition and run off with a prize before all her men competitors.

### Robins in the News

Every year thousands of visitors flock to Titusville in Florida to feast on the berries of the palm trees lining the streets. They are robins, and their visit lasts two weeks, during which time the townspeople are kept busy trying not to run over their feathered guests as they park their cars, for the robin is a nationally-protected bird.

So tired was a robin which came flying through an open window in Buffalo the other day that a society arranged for the bird to get a lift in an aeroplane as far as Texas, where it was released to join the robins wintering in the sunny south.

The robin of North America is not our familiar redbreast; it is a much bigger bird, known also as the migratory thrush.

## THE DUTCHMAN AND THE IRISHMAN Hugo Grotius and John Godley

Two pioneers, a Dutchman and an Irishman, have found long-deserved honour in London.

The Dutchman was Huig van Groot, who Latinised his name to Hugo Grotius while Elizabeth still reigned in England, and who became the first authority on International Law. He was on that account the founder of peace by agreement between the European nations, though his tenets have so often since been disregarded.

The tablet to his memory is in the old Dutch Church in Austin Friars, the name of a priory church built 600 years ago, and there he is in a goodly company (as Arthur Mee's "London" reminds us) of great Englishmen like Humphrey Bohun, Constable of England, who died at Barnet, and Hubert de Burgh, who lives in Shakespeare.

It was Dr Grotius, we remember, who escaped from captivity in a box thanks to the ingenuity of his wife.

The Irishman just remembered is John Robert Godley, who helped to found the Province of Canterbury in New Zealand nearly 90 years ago. He succeeded in spite of the attitude of England, and the unhelpfulness of the Colonial Office is reflected in his remark at that time: "I would rather be governed by a Nero on the spot than by a board of angels in London, because if the worse came to the worst we could cut off Nero's head, but we could not get at the Board in London."

But he succeeded in his efforts, and thriving and prosperous Canterbury has now a statue to him in bronze, and has placed a small replica in the Imperial Institute at South Kensington.

## DURHAM RETURNS THANKS

### What Are You Doing?

When Durham, with good reason, was feeling itself a very depressed area it found in Hertfordshire a friend in need.

When Jarrow on Tyneside was almost in despair, and appeals for help to the Iron and Steel Federation and the Government had left it to its empty factories and shipyards, it found in Surrey a very present help in trouble.

For these kindnesses the Dean of Durham, Dr Alington, publicly returns thanks. No county in English history, he declares, has ever helped another with such splendid liberality as Hertfordshire has shown to Durham and Surrey to the afflicted town of Jarrow.

Dean Alington ventures to express a hope that other counties will not weary in well-doing. The miners of Durham are still in sore straits, and behind the stately front of the cathedral which stands so superbly above the River Wear are slums as crowded as any in East London. The people of stricken Jarrow are better off than they were because work has been found for many, but they are still poor beyond words.

It must sometimes have seemed to them that their country had forgotten them, but when the Government has seemed to forget the counties of Hertfordshire and Surrey remembered.

### Bang Goes the Aspidistra

Mrs Parker of Gainsborough went to stay with her son the other day, leaving a safely locked-up house behind her.

Some days later her neighbour saw a rabbit pop up his head at a window. She telephoned to Mrs Parker's son and he came post-haste.

It was a wild rabbit, and during his tenancy he ate some coconut fibre mats, and, worse still, a cherished aspidistra.



## THE HONEST MAN

The other day an elderly man walked into the office of an old-established retail grocery store in the city of Auckland, New Zealand, and surprised the cashier by producing a sum of money and saying he had called to pay a debt of 19s 11d.

He refused to give his name; all he wanted, he said, was a receipt. But he told his story. Forty-eight years ago, when there was great poverty in New Zealand, this firm had given him credit for 19s 11d. He could not pay the money, and left New Zealand to seek work in Australia. Now he had returned to pay the debt.

Then the stranger walked out, saying he had other debts to pay in Auckland.

Forty-eight years is a long time, and the firm has no record of the debt of 19s 11d; but all is well and the world has one more honest man.

## PORRIDGE IN SPAIN

The Scottish ambulance in Spain has received a supply of oatmeal and brown sugar to see whether the children could be induced to eat porridge. A telegram from Madrid says: "This morning 400 little Madrilenos gobbled up porridge with brown sugar and milk, and are all clamouring for more."

## FIRST SIGHT OF A CITY

Nearly 40 pupils of New Zealand's wonderful correspondence school have lately had a treat. They visited the city of Auckland for the first time.

Perhaps you have not heard of this school the C N has already referred to, which has teachers and scholars who never see each other. The scholars live so far away from towns or villages that they cannot attend an ordinary school and receive lessons by post, returning their exercises by post to the teachers in the city.

Thanks to the good work of the Sunshine Clubs of the children's department of an Auckland daily newspaper, 36 of these children were given a holiday in the city that they had never seen before.

Some of the children had never seen a train before. One boy had never seen a ship of any sort bigger than a motor-launch that plies on the river near his inland home. It was a wonderful adventure for them all.

## IN RUSSIA

Contradictory reports continue to arrive about Russian industry.

Stalin himself, it is said, has been severely scolding the officials who manage work. The officials blame the workers, saying that many of them are loafers who will not do their full duty. It is said that the authorities are publishing daily lists of workers dismissed for unpunctuality, and that this has led to a run on alarm clocks and a rebuke to the only factory making them for not fulfilling its output promises.

## PIGGY GOES HOME

A farmer in Appalachicola, Florida, has a homing pig. He gave the animal to his brother, who lives about 40 miles away. Four days later he heard a familiar squeak, and here was Master Pig home again, having found its way through a dense wood and swimming across four streams en route!

## STILL WORKING

Mr Robert Bulman, of Mollington in Cheshire, is 95 and still does the work of his smithy.

Not only that, but he goes off on the bus to deliver his work in Liverpool and bring more back with him, a nice little journey of 30 miles each time. A Liverpool firm of rice millers can find no one else to temper their special meal grinders as he does.

He lives in a bungalow, of which he did every bit of the work save the shell, which a bricklayer built; and he was 81 then. He says he is lucky to have such a fine Man Friday as his adopted niece, who keeps house, cooks, and cultivates the garden. And she is 72.

## A Little Masterpiece

SHEFFIELD, the Yorkshire home of the finest steel in the world, is famous for its cutlery, and has been for half a thousand years.

Its craftsmen have always taken a great pride in their work, and inferior quality has been regarded as a serious reflection on the good name of the city.

One of the finest of Sheffield craftsmen is Mr Albert Darwin, who has devoted his spare time for a year to making a miniature canteen of cutlery. There are 50 pieces, the biggest being a carving knife two inches long and the smallest a saltspoon a quarter of an inch long. Small as each little piece of cutlery is it is perfect, and even when

examined under a magnifying-glass it is apparently flawless. The carving knife has a true cutting edge and can be sharpened on the steel, which is minutely grooved for this purpose. The salt spoon will pick up two or three grains of salt.

The whole set of miniature cutlery is in a wooden cabinet less than four inches long, beautifully carved in Queen Anne style, with a hinged lid, lined with plush, and with bone slots into which the pieces fit.

This wonderful bit of work is soon to be exhibited at the Weston Park Museum. Every piece is made of stainless steel, and the 50 pieces together weigh less than an ounce.



Monkeys begging from passers-by in a Calcutta street

## THE WAFFLES

The quarter of a million visitors who flocked to a Minnesota harvest festival the other day all ate waffles. There were so many to be made that a concrete mixer was used to beat up the batter!

## MR NASH'S ADVENTURE

Mr D. Nash of Mossman, North Queensland, has a very exciting story to tell his friends. He was out fishing the other day, and had just caught a fish which he was playing into a net when he stepped on his catch by mistake, and found himself hurled six feet into the air! The fish was a 16-foot sawfish weighing half a ton, and with a 5-foot saw! Mr Nash was none the worse after flying through the air so dramatically, being quickly hauled out of the water by onlookers.

## WHAT OF THE OCEAN BED?

Dr Charles Snowden Piggott, of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, is hoping to find radium at the bottom of the sea. He has a steel rope seven miles long which he hopes to sink to the bed of the ocean. It will carry a powerful explosive charge to disturb the sediment, and there will be an engine of 100 h.p. to raise the rope and bring to the surface samples of material which may provide us with valuable knowledge of the ocean bed and its products.

## A Square Deal Long Ago

THE railway companies, losing money weekly, owing, as they say, to competition from the fleets of lorries owned by the road transport concerns, are asking Parliament to permit them to alter their rules so that they may meet the opposition in what they call a square deal.

Transport has once before occasioned a great modification in our laws, one stranger than any that occurs to the novelists when they set their stories in an old-time English background.

Originally the whole country belonged to the king, and every man held his land and estate as the king's tenant. All owed service in return, military or economic. The majority of the lesser men paid their rent in kind—in oxen, sheep,

horses, and grain. But in Plantagenet times the cost of getting this rent to Court proved more than the tenants could support.

There were tolls for bridges and fords to pay; there were robbers in every gorge or thicket; and it was impossible to make use of water transport, for the riverways were barred by the weirs and other contrivances set up by owners in order to catch fish for their Friday and Lenten dinners.

So the law was changed. The tenant was given a square deal by the State. Men kept their domestic animals and grain at home for personal use or local sale, and paid their rent in money, a reform of the highest importance to the country.

## THE BOY COOK

No boy can be any worse for knowing at any rate a little about cookery, and no man need be ashamed of being able to cook a dinner in emergency.

This is the view taken by Mr H. D. Barnes, headmaster of Henley Grammar School, where boys of 16 have a choice of hobby classes, including woodwork, sketching, bee-keeping, and cookery.

The cookery class is very popular, and during the term boys receive 12 lessons. At the end of the term they should be able to roast a joint, bake or grill herrings, stuff tomatoes, make apple fritters, and provide themselves with a supply of chocolate cakes.

## EAST AND WEST

Do you know that in the West End of London you can almost imagine yourself in the East?

There are restaurants where you may eat all sorts of Chinese dishes and meet all Chinatown eatings; their strange meals with chopsticks. You can have bamboo shoots and seaweed.

And, if you please, you may cook the food yourself. It is all brought raw to the table, and you are given a copper pan and a gas ring. Very good it is too.

## THE MODEL RAILWAY

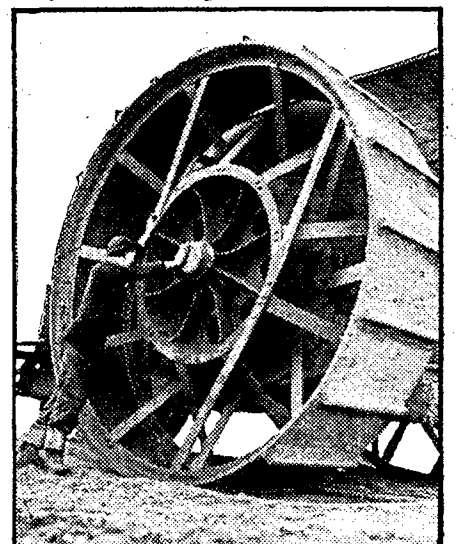
The C N has told many stories of how the unemployed help themselves. Mr Banks, an unemployed miner of Wigan, has built a model railway and installed it on a piece of ground he uses as a garden. Using nothing but scrap metal no one wanted, he has built engines and coaches that are big enough to carry loads of happy youngsters. It was solely to give pleasure to the other unemployed men's children round about his home that Mr Banks started on the work.

## AFTER SIX YEARS

From Mariner's Terrace to Alpha Grove in Leeds is no more than a minute or two's walk.

One day six years ago Mrs Lonsdale of Alpha Grove sent a formal invitation to a wedding to Mrs Green of Mariner's Terrace, but the invitation never arrived. Mrs Green was rather hurt about it, and though Mrs Lonsdale assured her that she had not been forgotten she always thought it strange that she should have been left out.

Mrs Green has passed on, and so has Mrs Lonsdale, but the other day the official invitation to the wedding was duly delivered at 5 Mariner's Terrace.



The 12-foot wheel of a steam tractor engaged on building a reservoir at Abberton in North Essex

## IS IT COMPULSION?

A letter in The Times quotes the Prime Minister's broadcast of January 23: "Compulsion is not in accordance with the democratic system under which we live."

Then the writer asks: "Please, sir, need I go on paying my income tax?"

The C N replies: "Certainly, because we levy the income tax upon ourselves, and it is our own hands we put into our pockets, even if we would rather not."



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 18 1939

## Poor Spain

O mighty Spain! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,  
spoils  
Shrunk to this little measure?

SPAIN lies at the foot of a conqueror. The blow at her heart was struck by no foreign invader, but by a Spaniard who called in the help of any and every alien foe, Moroccan, Italian, German, to break his own countrymen. Whatever the Government of Spain may have been, it was elected by the people, and war was not the way to end it. Spain fell because of treachery within the fortress. It remains for the Spanish soldier who sold the pass to pay his mercenaries.

None can foretell the future of Spain while the bill is being paid. All that is sure is that the cost will press intolerably on the shoulders of a poor people brought nearer to the famine line by three years of civil war, which they alone must pay for.

It is easier to look back and deplore the savage strife which has brought Spain to this pass, and to wonder how it has come about that this proud people has fallen from its high estate. They have every fine quality which lends itself to success, courage that no reverse can daunt, determination, indifference to the cruellest trial, and ambition.

In the past these qualities made them sovereigns of the Old World and heirs of the New.

But had ruthlessness even then sown the seeds of decay? It may have been so, for when the sceptre fell from the hand of Charles into that of his son Spain's empire dwindled. Her treasure ships were the prey of Francis Drake; a broken Armada transferred her sea-power to England. But even while Spain dwindled she was lit with the sunset glow of the genius of Velasquez and Cervantes.

Then and thereafter the flame of her chivalry and pride and power seemed to dwindle till they fell with a crash in the Spanish-American War, a struggle which was one of the ironies of history. Yet even then it seemed that a New Spain might rise, purged of her weaknesses, when she sought democratic freedom in a Republic.

It was not to be. But will anybody dare to say that it is not to be? The Republic's fight has been for freedom. It has burned as fiercely as in any war Spain ever fought for conquest. The spirit of the Spanish nation is unquenched. They who have fought with such incredible endurance for their rights as free men will again raise that standard of liberty which, however tattered, is never long in the dust.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## Walt Disney in the Wrong Place

It is sad news that Mr Walt Disney is considering what he can make on one of his peculiar films of the story of King Arthur.

It is sadder that we may look forward to plenty of the uproarious Disney humour, with King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table blundering about in their medieval armour, which, by the way, was unknown to them.

Mr Disney is not the first American humorist to try his hand at extracting fun from the Arthurian legend. Mark Twain, who was a humorist of the first water, wrote his worst attempt at a joke in A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, which fell very flat.

The legend of King Arthur is one of the precious possessions of the Anglo-Saxon people. Why cheapen it by turning it into a display of ridiculous high spirits?

## Turn Again, Roosevelt

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S mail averages about 4000 letters a day. President Hoover received about 400.

There is no doubt that Mr Roosevelt's qualities appeal to the average man, who feels that he is friendly and approachable. Perhaps he will stand for the Presidency again. *Turn again, Roosevelt, thrice President of America?*

## The Car Waits

THERE is good news from Winchmore Hill in North London.

Poor folk have long found it a hard walk from the bus stops to the joint Edmonton and Enfield hospital or the L C C hospital, and in bad weather the journey, about a mile each way, has been dreaded by women from the East End who visit the hospitals.

Now we hear that owners of cars in the neighbourhood have banded themselves into a league of willing helpers, who every Sunday afternoon wait near the bus stops to give poor folk a lift.

It is a lovely thing to do, and many a tired woman must thank God for it.

## The Government Short of Room

It seems regrettable that the Government should evict the Board of Education from its fine offices in Whitehall to make room for the Air Ministry.

It seems that the Air Ministry is thought to be too far from the seat of Government, and it is certainly unfortunate for it to be scattered about as it has been. It has grown so rapidly that it has been housed piecemeal. The Government should build proper offices for all its Departments. It was only a year or two ago that one of the Government Departments needing more space left it for an American to supply it in the Strand!

In any case it is a thousand pities to displace the Board of Education—and at a time when so much nonsense is being poured into our people's minds every day by astrologers and other quacks.

## Poor Little Calf

THE Devon and Somerset Staghounds still hunt the deer. It is reported from Minehead that a hind and her calf took refuge in the sea from the hunters.

The two creatures, the calf following the hind, had been chased across miles of country; crossing the marshes adjoining the town, they entered a rough sea. In the end the hind came ashore and took to the open country again, but the calf, following till it was too exhausted to go farther, was drowned; its body was later washed up on the shore.

It seems pitiful that beautiful creatures should thus be hunted, and pitiful also that the hunters have nothing better to do than to pursue pleasure so callously, and in such an un-British way.

## JUST AN IDEA

*Perhaps the world may seem to be getting worse because your standards of what it ought to be are getting better?*

## Under the Editor's Table

THERE can be no hard and fast rules for driving along flooded roads, says a motor expert. Anyhow, not fast ones.

A POET says money-making is a secret to him. And he can't keep it.

SOME modern writers invent their own words. Some are beyond words.

THE cheap modern house is easily let, says a builder. And the tenant let in.

THE whole of Surrey will soon be included in Greater London. But Surrey people are not easily taken in.

AN American film gets a scene in the English House of Commons all wrong. They ought to have asked an MP to make one.

SOMEbody says football is as good as a tonic. There is certainly a kick in it.

A PUBLICITY agent declares he knows how to draw crowds. It is quicker to photograph them.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If athletes jump to conclusions

## MR JOHN

By the Pilgrim

MR JOHN'S day is done. He has passed on in mid-winter, smiling to the end.

A poor old woman shivered at his funeral. She told us that till that day she had not been out of doors for months; but she had hobbled along then, in spite of her rheumatism, because Mr John, she said, had been the most wonderful friend she had ever had.

We knew, of course, that he was a philanthropist. He had endowed more than one hospital, and for a quarter of a century had been the mainstay of a dozen worthy institutions. It was he who built the row of almshouses on the sunny side of a little hill, and his native town keeps other monuments to his munificence.

But it was the poor crippled woman who told us the most charming thing about Mr John. It was not that he had paid her rent for ten years, not that he had kept her coalhouse full, not that he had enabled her to have little luxuries which the Old Age Pension could never supply. It was that Mr John, with four servants, a chauffeur, and a gardener, should for years have made a point of calling to see her once a week, always taking a cup of tea with her after chopping enough firewood to last till his next visit. "That was the sort of man he was," she whispered; "not just rich, you know, but a gentleman."

## Is it Like This That God Sees Us?

HANDFULS of stars are scattered up and down  
Where, in the daylight, you can see a town,  
But bricks and mortar disappear at night,  
Nothing is seen but lovely spangled light.

And is it thus God sees the human race?  
All that is cruel, all that's mean and base  
Covered by pity, as a town by night,  
With here and there a little point of light?  
Janet Farwell

## A Little England

A "LITTLE ENGLAND" is on the way, says the Bishop of Ely. We quote his words:

*If the steady decrease in the child population of the country continues some of those who are now children may find themselves members of a Little England. But for the fact that people in this country tend to live longer than they used to do we should already have been conscious of our national decline.*

Then the bishop went on to point out that the birthrate in Germany is sufficiently high to maintain her population and that the birthrate in Italy is high enough to provide an increase of population. We are glad that this all-important question is at last attracting the attention of people in authority.



## THE WAY OF A WATERFALL

### When a River Takes a Leap

The proposal that a newly-discovered waterfall in British Guiana should be named George the Sixth Fall prompts a traveller to ask whether the fall, which is said to be formed by a drop of 1600 feet, has a river big enough to maintain a constant flow of water over it.

British Guiana had already the highest known falls, several times higher than the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, while Niagara, which is divided into halves, has a perpendicular fall of only 162 feet.

But these two falls are fed by terrific volumes of water. The Victoria Falls are a thousand yards wide at the point at which the river makes its 400-foot plunge; the two halves of the Niagara Falls measure together 3640 feet, and over them pour 15 million cubic feet of water every minute, nine-tenths on the Canadian side of the chasm.

Such are the sort of credentials experts ask of waterfalls for which distinguished names are suggested. There is one place in British Guiana where, from the summit of Mount Roraima in a rainy season, a waterfall begins at a height of 2000 feet, but it ends in what seems smoke: caught by the air, the water is converted into mist and spray, so that at the foot there is no waterfall at all. There are others which function only after rain or snow, never during dry seasons.

#### The Cataract of Lodore

All this reminds one of our readers of a visit he paid to our own Falls of Lodore, near the head of Lake Derwent-water, one hot summer.

He had been reading Southey's poem on it, written by Southey to please his children because, as he said, "I was Laureate to them and the King."

Nobody has ever written of the Victoria or the Niagara falls as our poet wrote of Lodore; the way the water falls in the ringing rhyme is terrific. So it was with the keenest expectation that our reader made his pilgrimage; but as he approached a wondrous stillness possessed the air, and he thought some undetected breeze was probably carrying the roaring thunder of the waters from him instead of to him.

The silence was more simply explained as he reached the rocks that he had so long pictured, for the Cataract of Lodore, famed throughout the English-speaking world, was dry! A butterfly could not have moistened its wings in the falls. Lodore is a cataract only in seasons of heavy rainfall.

## The Strange Position in America

The American Senate has agreed with the House of Representatives in cutting down by £30,000,000 the demand of President Roosevelt for relief money for the distressed.

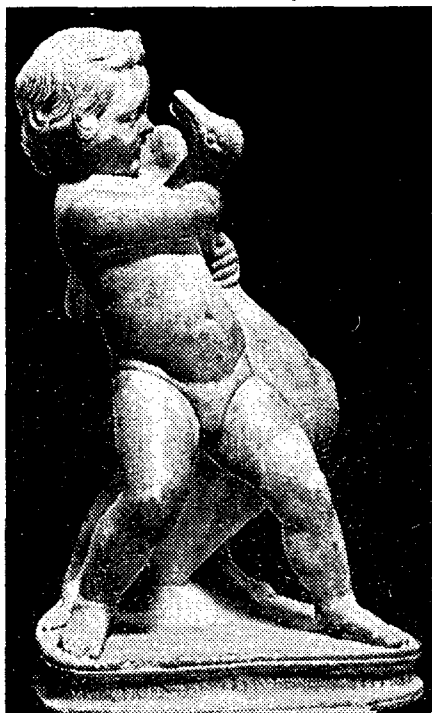
It is a sad business, one result of the recent elections in which the Republican Party opposing the President made such substantial gains.

An enormous number of distressed families are affected by the action of Congress. Not long ago President Roosevelt declared that a third of the American people were living in conditions of dire poverty, and he has never wavered in his plans to help them.

The President and his Cabinet Ministers do not sit in Congress, and can only induce it to act through their supporters in Congress. It is a strange position, which few people here understand. What should we think if the British Government had no right to sit in Parliament and could only induce it to act by influencing it from without.

## The Boy With the Goose

### A 2000-YEAR-OLD TUSSLE



The ancient Greek sculpture by Boethus and, on the right, the little figure carved by Sir William Reid Dick



LONDON CITY, heart and mainspring of the world's finance, has come upon a touch of gaiety inspired by a cherubic little boy wrestling with a goose.

Carved in stone by Sir William Reid Dick, he stands on the new structure Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr Laurence Gatch have been ten years in building for the Midland Bank.

Rather a strange symbol-signature for a bank, one might think, but the group is a sculptured joke declaring the name of the thoroughfare—Poultry. The two figures in the little group immediately recall photographs or even models of something similar that most of us have seen. Although not actually a copy, the sculpture embodies the idea and something of the pose of one of the most famous little statues in the world.

Some time in the second century before Christianity, when geese were pets for the children of classical Greece, a little boy tussling with a goose as big as himself was caught in the act by a sculptor named Boethus, who made a delightful bronze group of the pair.

Until then Greek art had always been serious, representing mainly gods and heroes; in this work Greek sculpture seemed to be learning to smile, and it has kept the world smiling at intervals ever

since. We know from ancient writings that Boethus was a master sculptor of children; but, his work having nearly all vanished, The Boy with a Goose remains his abiding claim to immortality, and it suffices.

Several versions of it in marble survive in Europe. Perhaps the best known is that which stands with masterpieces of Greek sculpture in one of the galleries at the Vatican. Believed to have adorned a fountain in the Rome of the Caesars, it was excavated in our own time from the ruins to which the greater part of the city was reduced during the Dark Ages.

But here is the Boy again, sturdy as an infant Hercules, with his muscles braced, his little legs apart, his left arm under a wing of the goose, and both hands grasping the neck of his protesting pet, the whole work looking alive—a baby's struggle against odds immortalised by the sculptor's chisel.

There are other copies of it, in the Louvre, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, and at Munich, and it is of these that we are reminded by the merry little man and his feathered rival now renewing at the Midland Bank the friendly wrestling bout begun in Greece more than twenty centuries ago.

## A Soldier's Thanks For Peace

Conscience has made a cheerful giver of a man who was a soldier and who now wants to give his mite to his country.

He has sent (without his name) £25 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a token of gratitude for Mr Chamberlain's efforts for peace.

Sir John Simon sometimes receives conscience money of a very different kind from people who ought to have paid it before to the Inland Revenue; but this is the first time that conscience has come in patriotism's guise, and he publicly expressed his warm thanks for this gift to the nation and his appreciation of the spirit which prompted it.

It comes from a soldier who, having experienced the horrors of war, knows the worth of peace.

## The Shepherd's Crook

At the consecration of Bishop Powell the other day in York Minster he carried a pastoral staff of hazel wood surmounted by a ram's horn made and presented to him by an Ullswater shepherd.

## The New Way of Trading

Can small trading between nations survive? Many observers think not, both for theoretical reasons and because other nations are dealing in bulk.

By trading in bulk is meant a direct exchange, between Nation A and Nation B, of large quantities of specific goods, say the wheat of A for the ships of B.

Germany and Italy have been doing this, and the chairman of the Westminster Bank, Mr Rupert Beckett, thinks our traders should follow suit, organising their trades into export and import bodies capable of bulk dealing.

We did this sort of trading in the Great War, and since then it has been practised by New Zealand. The Dominion buys up all the butter surplus from the farmers and sells it in bulk to an organisation of merchants in London who market the butter here. In the war we bought up all Australian wool. That is what is being done by Germany in various ways. In exchange for a crop she gives payment in marks only spendable in Germany, and so her export trade gains.

## THE INVINCIBLE BRITISH FLEET

### A New Warship Every Week

Lord Stanhope, First Lord of the Admiralty, in a remarkable statement tells the nation that the British Navy is able to guarantee, humanly speaking, that it is equal to the task of maintaining the vital sea routes against any probable combination of foes.

He goes on to demonstrate this by showing that the Navy is immensely stronger than that of any other Power (except America, which he did not mention).

In battleships the comparison is:

Great Britain	..	..	..	15
Japan	..	..	..	9
France	..	..	..	7
Germany	..	..	..	5
Italy	..	..	..	4

The German five include the three "pocket" battleships of 10,000 tons.

In addition, said Lord Stanhope, Britain has building or projected seven more battleships, of which four are to be launched this year. None of the other nations mentioned has so much building in hand, so that the British lead must be increased in the next year or two.

#### Smaller Vessels

As to other warships, Britain has 400 vessels of various sorts, including 60 cruisers, 169 destroyers (fast small vessels with guns and torpedoes), and 54 submarines. Since the end of 1936 eight new cruisers have been completed, and since the end of 1935 no fewer than 38 new destroyers have been put into service.

But that is not all. The Prime Minister has told us that this year 60 new warships will be completed. We actually have building or projected at the present time, in addition to the warships already mentioned, 21 cruisers, 29 destroyers, 15 submarines, and 5 aircraft carriers, as well as many smaller craft.

All this, says Lord Stanhope, "ensures the safety of the realm."

## A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE

### The New Home of St Mary's

It renews one's faith in the kindness of human nature to hear of a gift just made to St Mary's Hospital at Paddington.

The family of Mrs Robert Fleming have given her house, Joyce Grove, Nettlebed, to the hospital as a convalescent home for its patients. It is a big house with magnificent trees surrounding it, and its garden windows looking over lawns sloping to a lake to make a lovely picture.

Fortunate the patients who are sent there to recover fully from their illnesses when they are well enough to be moved. There is nothing that can be a greater boon. Only the other day we received a letter from a patient who had been in hospital, and was now staying in the small home of a kindly friend. "She is very very kind," said a rather sad little sentence at the end, "but I don't feel quite as well as I did at the hospital."

That is where the convalescent home fulfils a very real need; and the new home at Nettlebed, which will take in 30 convalescents, will be an unforgotten blessing to those whom it cares for. But such a Home has to be kept up, and St Mary's could not have afforded to accept it without the additional generous contributions for its maintenance by other kind people, including one of £1000 a year for seven years from Lord Nuffield.



## Life on a Crust of Rock THE EARTH'S WEAK POINTS

WHEN we reflect that the earth's people live on a thin crust of rock, covering a mass of matter not exactly fluid but still not solidified, it is surprising not that earthquakes occur but that they are not more frequent.

The earth's crust is subjected to continual strain and stress, particularly in some places. As the earth cools there is shrinkage, and the shrinkage is unequal. The mountains are crinkles caused by the shrinkage. Yet man indomitably pursues his labours, even in places of known weakness where terrible disasters have continuously occurred. Our country is in a safe zone and the most we experience is an occasional tremor.

The weakest places are near mountain ranges where the surface of the earth slopes suddenly. Thus we get the Italian weak line, where the famous volcanoes Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli have throughout history claimed their victims. In 1908 the Messina earthquake killed nearly 80,000 people and made many young orphans.

The scene of the sad earthquake in Chile is on the longest and weakest line of the earth, where high mountains run from north to south; it is the scene of recurrent disasters. The lands round the

Pacific are sharply inclined to a deep sea, and the mountains are close inland. So we get serious movements.

In 1906 San Francisco was devastated by an earthquake whose area extended to 250 square miles. The recent disaster at Chile is on the same scale. Five towns have been destroyed and a great area laid waste, including many villages. Concepcion has lost a quarter of its population of 40,000. As proof of the fortitude of mankind, this town has been visited by earthquakes four times in 300 years. Each time the city has been built anew, in finer style.

The islands of the West Indies are also on the weak line, and their history is full of disasters.

Japan is a land of earthquakes, and the Japanese have accordingly studied them closely; they are so used to earth movements that their houses are built to suit the conditions, low and on wide foundations.

Perhaps the most remarkable volcano in the world is Stromboli, sometimes called the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean. It forms one of the Lipari Islands and has an area of only five square miles, yet 2500 people live precariously under the shadow of the volcano, which is always in mild eruption.

## Bishop of London's Long Day

It seems almost unthinkable that the Bishop of London is leaving us in the autumn, and that Fulham Palace will know him no more.

He declares that he is retiring because he feels he is too old and ought to make way for a younger man. But where could a younger man be found than this youth of 80 years, who has been the life and soul of London for 50 of them?

For half a century he has been labouring in its vineyard, and he began at the most untitled corner of it at Bethnal Green.

When he was head of Oxford House there, just 50 years ago, and afterwards Rector of Bethnal Green, the neighbourhood between there and Shoreditch was a byword for slums. One of them, the Old Nicol, was so bad that when policemen had to enter its filthy alleys through the opening to them of "the Posties" in Bethnal Green Road they were compelled to go in couples for safety.

The bishop left it better than he found it. Toynbee Hall, as well as Oxford House just founded, brought some sweetness and light into those murky purlieus of crime and drink, and the young curate, who had come from Shrewsbury, soon made his mark there. He was only Mr Winnington Ingram when he began, but after more than ten years hard labour he was given more of it to do in Darkest London as Dr Winnington Ingram, Bishop of Stepney.

Another Bishop of Stepney, Dr Cosmo Lang, who followed him in that diocese which tests a man's mettle, became Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr Winnington Ingram left it to become Bishop of London, and to London he has remained faithful ever since. He could do no other, for London is written on his heart.

There has never been a good cause to which he has not lent his unadorned eloquence. What is the secret of his

spoken words? We have heard him speak to young men and maidens, to old people and young children, and have watched them one and all hanging on his words. It may be because he seems always to be conferring quietly with them like friends, seldom preaching at them, hardly ever exhorting, only persuading. It might be because of his unflinching sincerity. He speaks from his heart. But most of all it is, we think, because of the friendliness of the man. Young and old, learned or simple, none who hear him or know him can do other than feel that they have a corner in the heart of this shrewd, kindly, understanding Christian gentleman.

There is many a call on him. Will he lend Fulham Palace grounds for a children's garden party or a charitable gathering? Of course he will, and be there to make it go. Will he address a meeting for some good cause, or speak at a prizegiving at some young people's college? Of course he will, and will give a prize. We wonder if he has ever said No; and we doubt if he could. His speeches on all these occasions would, if printed, fill many a shelf in Fulham Palace Library.

He is no ascetic. He neither drinks nor smokes, but only the other day he was playing a round of golf for the London clergy, and he still can keep his end up at squash rackets. Old? Who says he is old? It is his light heart that keeps him young.

Longfellow might have had such a man in mind when he wrote of one who

*Each morning sees some work begun,  
Each evening sees its close,  
Something accomplished, something done.*

But it is almost impossible to think of our Bishop of London emulating the sturdy village blacksmith still further by seeking repose

## TREASURE ISLAND I The Never-Never Land Made by the Hand of Man

*America this year is having two World's Fairs, one by the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast.*

*In New York 61 Governments and the League of Nations are to show something of their past, present, and future in an Ideal City of Tomorrow covering 1216 acres. This great exhibition, with scores of buildings and streets and beautifully laid-out gardens, has risen in less than three years on a Long Island swamp formerly used as a refuse dump.*

*But to provide a site for America's World's Fair of the West, which opens this week, it was necessary to create a complete new island of 400 acres in San Francisco Bay. Here we tell the story of San Francisco's Treasure Island.*

WHERE two years ago 27 feet of water flowed over Yerba Buena shoals there now rises an island adorned by trees, scented by carpets of flowers, and dignified by the half-fantastic yet noble buildings of a great dream city.

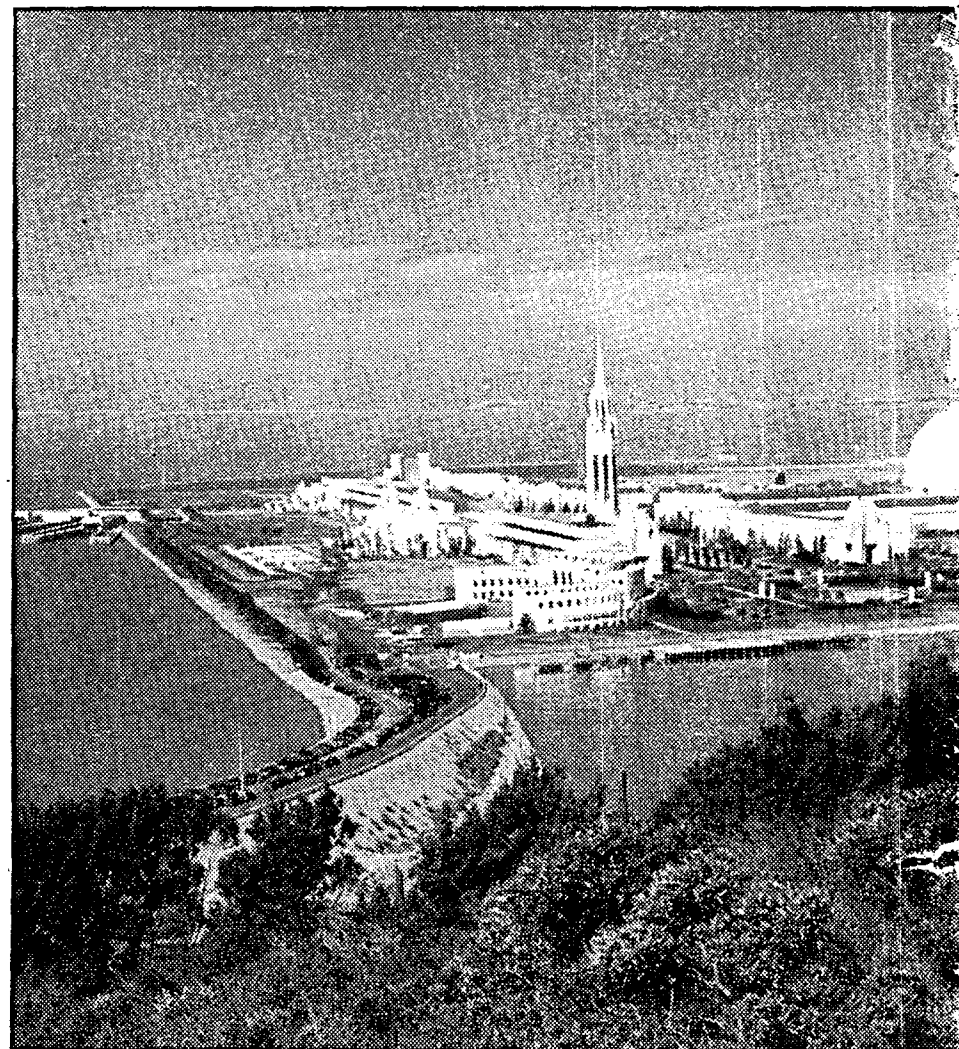
This is all the work of man. Its name is Treasure Island, the home for 40 weeks this year of San Francisco's International Exposition, and the terminus, now and hereafter, of the biggest flying-boats in the world, the 72-passenger Clipper ships that ply across the wide stretches of the Pacific between California and Hong Kong.

The United States Government spent over £1,000,000 and employed its unemployed to create this 400-acre

island of sand sucked up from the bottom of San Francisco Bay. Better to give them a real job in making America than let them eat their hearts out in idleness on a dole, Mr Roosevelt thinks. On February 18 this island, one of the world's wonders in one of the world's beauty spots, opens its gates to the public to become the playground of the West.

The very name Golden Gate has lured travellers around half the world to see for themselves that narrow portal of the seas behind which the sun sets nightly in flaming glory, colouring the waters of a lovely bay so large that you could fit the Isle of Man into it twice over. To this wonder and beauty have now been added two of the world's most remarkable bridges, and finally Treasure Island and the temporary playground built upon it, to emphasise the unity of the countries of the Pacific.

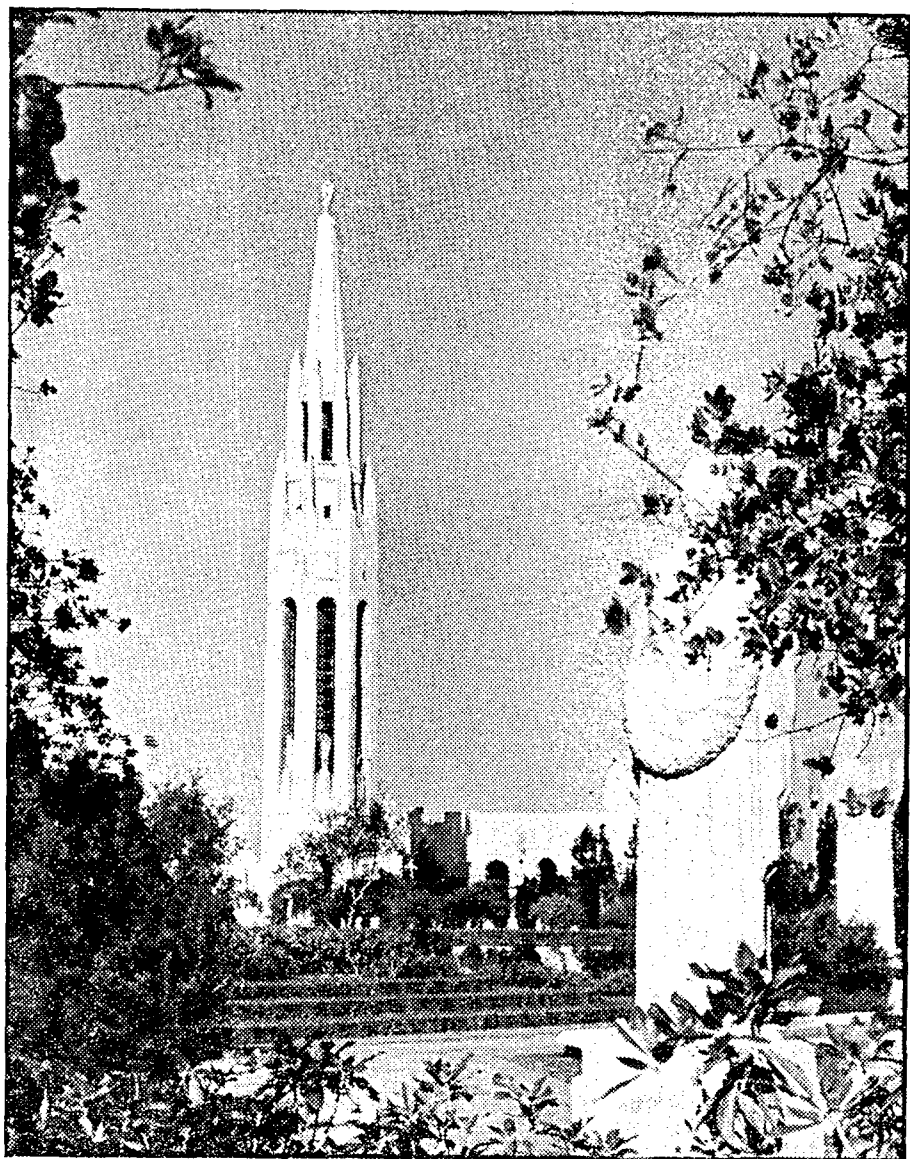
It requires something more than creamy stucco buildings embellished harmoniously with the 32 pastel tints of the special Exposition Palette to make 400 acres of new ground into a dream city. It requires, more than anything else, the careful thought of the landscape gardener seconded by thousands of plants, bulbs, bushes, and trees. In the 20 acres of the Magic Gardens alone a million plants have been set out, 800 trees over 60 feet tall have been transplanted, and, to protect this garden spot from the winds that sweep in from the sea, a



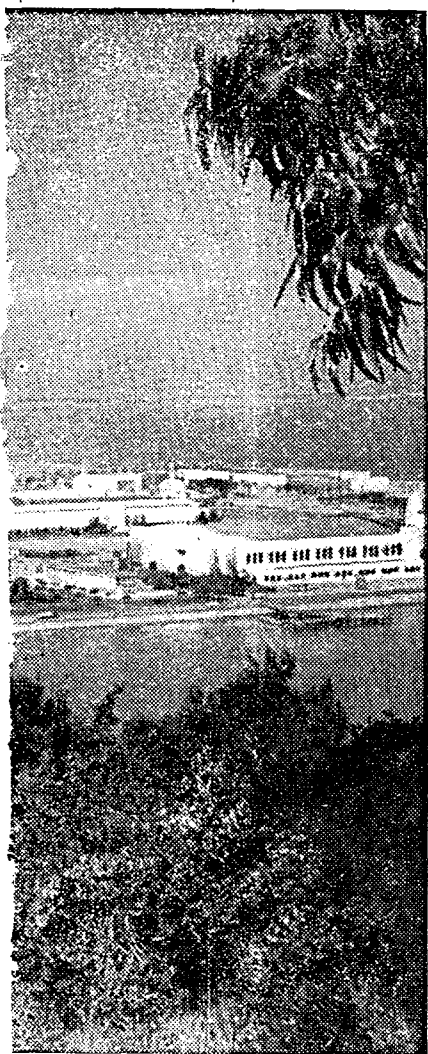
Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. Strictly speaking, the scene of the great exhibition, for, as the picture shows, it is joined by a causeway to the neighbour-



## INVITES THE WORLD



The Court of the Moon and the Tower of the Sun, on Treasure Island

hibition is not an island  
ng Yerba Buena Island.

series of wind-baffles have been built, 80 feet high, like flies on a stage.

A splendid spirit of cooperation enables this Exposition to open in scheduled time. For weeks 3000 artisans have worked in double shifts to add the final touches. But six years ago Mr Harry Eickhoff, whose idea this was, began seeking the co-operation of the Federal Government, the 11 western States, and the 20 foreign countries that have made possible this Wonderland in the West. Even competing firms in various industries have cooperated to present the story of mining, of oil, of lumber, and of public utilities as one comprehensive whole to the public.

Every outdoor activity is encouraged by this Exposition; a different athletic event is planned for each day. Aquatic and marine sports, swimming meetings, and boat races are especially catered for. The Fair simply invites its visitors to come and have a good time. It seeks to offer them everything from beauty in its Palace of Fine Arts to roller-coaster thrills on its Gayway; but the idea that lies behind it all is the realisation that with the increasing rationalisation of industry leisure must increase in the world, and the mission of California, Land of Sunshine, should be to lead people to healthier, more satisfying, and more constructive ways of spending their leisure hours.

It may be a hope never realised, writes a friend from California, but it is a lovely gesture, more magical than any tale from the Arabian Nights.

The Factory Girl and the Errand Boy  
LIFE AS IT IS SOMETIMES

How little we know of the lives of those who minister to our daily needs in this or that humble capacity!

The butcher's boy, the postman, the window-cleaner—they exist for us for a brief space while they discharge their functions and then fade from our consciousness as though they had never been. Least of all is the errand boy regarded who delivers at our door our purchases from hatshop, dressmaker, or furrier. In our eagerness to open our parcels we generally let him go with perfunctory thanks and perhaps a tip.

In Budapest these errand boys trudge on foot or whiz about on bicycles, sometimes with great loads strapped to their backs. And there was one (the youth who fetched and carried for the furrier the family dealt with) who had been passingly noticed because of the determined swing of his strong young arms as he shouldered huge bundles of our own and other people's furs. Also he had an uncommonly good face.

One morning he was left for a while in the hall, which happened to be littered with the contents of a newly-cleared-out attic; and he was found delicately fingering an old book, the work of a classic poet.

"You—you're not thinking of selling these, I suppose?" he asked shyly.

"Not exactly. Why?"

"Oh, just that I should have liked to buy it," he said. Then his eye was caught by a landscape in oils which stood stacked against the wall.

"That's a good picture. It needs restoring, but it's good."

He was, as it happened, quite right in both cases.

"I'd like to buy that even more than the book, if it wasn't too dear."

"But—what would you do with it?" we asked. "Have you a place of your own?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "We have a nice little room, my wife and I."

"Wife? Why, how old are you?"

"Twenty-four. We have been married a year. She works in a paper factory. I don't like it, but we could not have got married otherwise."

"And does she too like books and pictures?"

"I bet you she does. We have about a hundred volumes between us. We hope to have a real library some day. And six pictures; good ones, not just daubs, you know. But there's not a landscape among them, and I love landscapes."

How easily a golden moment will fall into one's lap sometimes! One had only to say, quite simply:

"Will you take this landscape as a present, then, even if it does need restoring?"

What a glorious light leaped into the lean young face!

"Do you mean that, really? Won't she be pleased!"

And he trudged off happily with the picture cosily embedded among sables and silver fox wraps, leaving one longing for a glance into the little one-roomed home in which factory girl and errand boy lived a life devoted to the things of the spirit.

## Two Sailors on the Moors

THERE is much talk in Yorkshire at present of two of the county's famous seamen, the two William Scoresbys, father and son.

Curious as it may seem, it is hoped to preserve a chimney as a memorial to them. A relic of the old days when ironstone was mined in the neighbourhood, it stands on a hill known as Rosedale Chimney, one of the steepest in the north of England. The chimney itself is 80 feet high and can be seen for miles, its base being 1000 feet above the sea. Dr J. L. Kirk of Pickering believes that the chimney would make a fitting memorial to the famous seafaring father and son, who were born at Cropton only a mile or two away.

It would be well if this odd but well-known landmark could be preserved, for, although the Scoresbys have been honoured on the Continent and in the United States, there is no public memorial to them in this country, apart from a lectern in Cropton Church.

Wonderful men they were; these sailors, one of whom became a parson. William Scoresby the elder was born in 1760, and all the schooling he had was in the village, though he was working on his father's farm by the time he was nine. At 20 he went to sea, and did so well that he became captain of a Greenland whaling ship. Acknowledged to be the finest seaman of his day, he was daring as well as fortunate, and before

he retired he made £90,000. Tall, strong, keen-eyed, he forced his ship, the Resolution, beyond the 80th degree of latitude in 1805, the highest point any ship had ever reached, and a record which long remained unbroken. He did much to make Arctic navigation safer, and was the first captain to fit a crow's-nest to his ship's mast, so that a look-out could be kept for whales.

His son was no less remarkable. He became as well known as his father, and when in 1820 he returned from one of his expeditions after the publication of his book on the Arctic Regions and the Northern Whale Fishery he found himself famous; for half a century this book was the standard work of its kind.

It is strange that at the height of his success as an explorer and master-mariner he forsook the sea and an income of about £800 to become a curate at Bessingby, near Bridlington, where he was passing rich on £40 a year. He was as successful in the pulpit as on his ship; but he wore himself out, dying at Torquay in 1857. Seaman, parson, scientist, and author, he was one of the remarkable men of last century, the worthy son of a worthy sire.

It is good news that these two Yorkshiremen are to have a memorial near their early home; and it is to be hoped that Dr Kirk will be able to raise the £300 needed to give Yorkshire a lasting monument to two distinguished sons.



## BRINGING DOWN THE RATES

### The Town Forest Idea in America

C.N. readers already know of the great enterprises undertaken by the Government of the United States to save the once-fertile lands of the great central basin from further inroads of wind-storm, drought, and flood by planting trees, improving agricultural methods, damming rivers, and even setting beavers to work in the wild places. News now comes that this work is being ably seconded by 1800 local communities in 27 States which have set aside some 3,000,000 acres as forest land for the benefit of their citizens. Indirectly they benefit the climate and water-supply of the country and supply new wealth.

#### Tackling a Problem

That growing interest in town forests, as they are called, will do quite as much to save America, we believe, as the vast Government undertakings. A problem is a long way from being solved when it looks too big to be mastered and people go about saying the Government will have to do something; it is far nearer solution when people look at it and say: "We could do something about it; let's get to work!"

This is what is happening in 1800 American communities concerning this serious question.

We are the more encouraged by this movement because the towns in America that have forest land of their own have found out that it pays. The people of Russell, Massachusetts, for example, began their forest 15 years ago. They had then only 100 acres, and a fund of £20 for their management. Today they look at their 3000 acres and say, "When our children grow up they can live here without paying rates; the town forest will then earn enough money to pay the rates for them." Thus every man who helps forward the town forest idea is doing something to make life easier for his children in the days to come.

#### Europe Helps

Forests have proved a blessing to the towns that have them in years of acute unemployment. To the needy man the town lends an axe, and the man at least has the satisfaction of knowing that his family is warmed by his own efforts. He himself is warmed twice!

One of the great advantages of town forests is that their management can be controlled. Private ownership has been the curse of American woodlands. Lands have been ruthlessly cut over to glean the highest possible immediate profit without a thought for the future. Scenes of unparalleled primeval beauty have been converted into dreary wastes; land that might have brought in a reasonable income for generations has been rendered valueless in a few years. Nature now takes her revenge. But town forests, being public property, are carefully controlled, thinned, and planted according to a plan designed to ensure a permanent supply of firewood and lumber.

Supporters of the town forest idea in the United States look to Europe for ideas about their control and management. Switzerland, Bulgaria, Germany, France, and Sweden all have valuable experience in the management of communal woodlands which the Americans are studying. See *World Map*

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We hear of a woman who for 60 years sold fruit and vegetables and has just passed on leaving such a train of descendants as few could boast. She had 20 children, 89 grandchildren, and 72 great-grandchildren.

## Sheep That Have Lost Their Shepherds

FOR the past five years a flock of sheep on the Campbell Islands have had no shepherds.

The Campbell Islands lie 290 miles south of New Zealand. The main island is about 30 miles in circumference and consists of windswept grassland something like the moors of Scotland.

Many years ago someone had the idea of colonising the Campbells. A flock of sheep was established on the islands, but five years ago the people who leased the land from the New Zealand Government gave up the venture. The men were brought back to the mainland and the sheep were left to their fate.

The chief obstacle to farming on such out-of-the-way places as the Campbell Islands is that visitors are so few and far between. The renters of the islands always had great difficulty in getting their bales of wool to the mainland. No shipowners are interested in sending a ship on a voyage of 600 miles down towards the South Pole to pick up a few bales of wool, especially when there is no good harbour where cargo can be loaded.

What has happened to the sheep on these islands? Nobody in New Zealand seems to know. It is nobody's business to call to find out. It is considered that the neglected sheep will eventually die off. Even when there were shepherds on the islands to look after the sheep the rate of increase barely kept pace with the death rate, because the climate is severe. It is feared that the deserted flock will gradually get smaller and smaller.

This is not a case of Little Bo-Peep having lost her sheep. Everyone in New Zealand knows where the Campbell Islands sheep are; it is the shepherds who are lost.

There were people on the islands long ago. Just a hundred years ago Captain Balleny of the exploring ship *Eliza Scott* rescued four people who had been landed there four years previously to hunt seals and had been forgotten. They had lived like Robinson Crusoes, making clothes and huts out of seal skins, and had of course suffered from the extreme cold.

## Man the Wanderer

*The Golden Road: an Anthology of Travel.* By Arthur Stanley. Dent, 7s 6d.

WILL you come travel with me? asks Walt Whitman in his *Song of the Open Road*. Here in a delightful book of 600 pages an old friend of books and travellers, Mr Arthur Stanley, asks us to spend many a happy hour with travellers of all time.

Everyone loves the letter from a friend who is on a journey, and most of us delight in describing our journeys in letters to friends. Somewhere preserved in a desk must be many unsuspected masterpieces worthy to rank with the 300 gems Mr Stanley has arranged for us here.

His industry amazes us, for we know something of the work and research which an anthology demands; but we know also that his labour was a delight to him as he merrily hent the stile-a.

From Homer and Herodotus to A. F. Tschiffely have been culled passages

which thrill and inspire, and awake in all who read them that longing the Germans have a word for, *Wanderlust*. There are the best translations of the best literature in other tongues than our own: extracts from diaries, histories, and letters; over a score of poems and posies from plays; and much humour too, for travelling induces high spirits and provokes wit and repartee. Few of those who come together in these pages would agree with Dr Johnson's *Worth seeing? yes; but not worth going to see*, in reply to Boswell's question about the Giant's Causeway. Dr Johnson must not always be taken seriously, for he would say many things for the sake of the wit, and of this particular joke Mr Stanley observes that it is another injustice to Ireland.

Every traveller should pop this book into his knapsack or his car pocket; but we warrant he will not get very far on his own journey before he has read it.

## Father & Son & the Palace of Knossos

TO the collection of ancient cut stones, and gems; gold rings, and jewels, from the Palace of Knossos in Crete, with which Sir Arthur Evans has enriched the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, hangs an odd little tale.

Many years ago, while young Mr Arthur Evans was paying a visit to Crete, someone brought to him an engraved bit of turquoise which had been picked up there. He showed it to his father, Sir John Evans, a famous antiquarian before him. Having examined it Sir John remarked, "If I were you, I think I should look into this; it seems to me important."

So his son took the advice, went back to Crete, and began the excavations at Knossos, which in a generation have revealed a Minoan civilisation there, older than that of the palmy days of Greece. It revealed the origin of the legend of the Minotaur, and perhaps of the bull-fighting in Spain. Someone jokingly said of this discovery of Crete's heyday of civilisation that Sir Arthur spoke of it as a poor thing, but Minoan.

To the fruits of this discovery, which is truly his alone, have been added the great collections of stone and bronze implements from other sources formed by Sir John Evans.

## The Man Who Was Ill 4000 Years Ago

NEARLY 4000 years ago an ancient Briton lay so ill at Long Crichel in Dorset that the medicine men of the tribe were summoned to his side.

They considered his case seriously for he was an important man, and succour must be found for him lest he should die. Then the most skilful and daring of the doctors declared that the only thing to save him was to make an opening in his skull. Today we call the operation trepanning, and surround it with every precaution the art of healing has learnt to provide.

In those forgotten days, though it was what we call the Bronze Age, there were no sharp instruments of metal.

The Britons, who then were building or had raised Stonehenge, employed the sharpened edges of flints instead for all they had to do that was difficult or delicate. With some such flints the tribesman's skull was trepanned by the surgeons of the tribe.

There the story ends, and we shall never know whether the patient recovered or what his illness was. But the other day his skull was found at Long Crichel to bear witness to a medical skill in Britain long before it knew the foot of an invader, and when its peace was broken only by civil wars between tribes whose very names remain unknown.

## DEVON DELIGHT

### Great Welcome For Its New Book

We take these few opinions from the big chorus of welcome given to the Devon volume of the King's England, Arthur Mee's new *Domesday Book* of our towns and villages, printed by Hodder and Stoughton.

Easily the most impressive of the other books in front of the reviewer is Arthur Mee's unique and triumphant *Devon*. Guide-books come and guide books go, but this book, being not merely Guide but much more Philosopher and Friend, will go on for ever. It is hardly likely to be allowed ever to go out of print, for it is improbable that it will ever be excelled or so improved upon as to make its currency unnecessary. Was there ever a better half-guinea's-worth sent out from the printing press?

North Devon Journal

It is difficult for the reader to open it in any place without being gripped by its thrilling and romantic stories.

Western Morning News

Its appearance will be greeted with enthusiasm. It is a necessary book to the proper understanding of Devon.

Torquay Express

Arthur Mee's Devon combines thrilling interest with painstaking accuracy. The possession of the book will be a joy to any lover of glorious Devon; it breathes the spirit of our county.

Exmouth Journal

It is a guide-book of the most complete character, and it would be difficult to make a suggestion as to how it could be bettered. It is a real county inventory of history, lore, and beauty compiled with a rare understanding.

Western Gazette

Mr Mee carries the reader on magic wings of enjoyment with a style and form that make very easy reading. The facts in the book, splendidly collated, must have involved a tremendous labour. The work has deservedly had a splendid press.

North Devon Herald

On every page is something to grip the reader's attention and to compel him to read on, enthralled by the fascinating story of Devon's towns and villages.

Western Times

The reviewer has come to the conclusion that it is one of the best histories of Devon he has read. The author is manifestly in love with Devon, and his eulogy of the county and its people is to be found in every line. Torquay Times

Congratulations must be extended to the author on such a lovely guide-book to Glorious Devon.

Western Guardian

Devon is one of a series described as a new *Domesday* of 10,000 towns and villages, and the fact that they are edited by Arthur Mee is sufficient guarantee of their quality, accuracy, and interest. They are far from mere guide-books; they are, in truth, "a census of all that is enduring and worthy of record," written in cultured style, informative and entertaining from cover to cover. This outstanding book of glorious Devon is well worth an honoured place in any library.

Somerset County Gazette

Arthur Mee has set about his task with his usual thoroughness. He has given us one of the best books about the Shire of the Sea Kings I have reviewed. In one respect it is a guide, but in its construction as unlike the ordinary guide as could be imagined.

Devon and Exeter Gazette



## OUR LIVES RECORDED

### 170 Million Names at Somerset House

The most wonderful books in England are those kept by the Registrar-General, and it is just a century since they were started.

For a hundred years the officials have noted when people were born, if and when they married, and when they died. The record, kept at Somerset House in the Strand, London, now contains the names of 170,305,164 persons, which averages over 1,700,000 records a year. The record is of 76,479,649 children born, of 48,554,787 deaths, and of 45,270,728 persons married.

Some countries do not yet make complete records. Strange to say, even the United States has no complete register, for some of the States do not compile figures.

We can at any time go to Somerset House and search for the record of a birth, marriage, or death. Often this is of the greatest importance, and 600,000 searches are made every year.

### The Friendly Heart of a Refugee

A group of German refugees who have been helped to find a home in this country have shown their gratitude by sending money for Christian English people in distress. Their gift has gone to some of the children of East London.

Many refugees are doing all they can to help other Germans or Jews. It is good to know that some of them have also thought sympathetically of England's poor. Such a gesture is as welcome as it is unexpected.

Adjoining the golf club at the Naze, on the Essex coast, is a community of 70 refugee boys to whom Sir Albert Clavering is giving pocket-money every week. At a recent gathering of the boys they agreed to send half their pocket-money to Lord Baldwin's Fund.

## 1000 Years of History on a Tree

AN unusual record of New Zealand's history during the thousand years from the coming of the first Maori voyagers in their sailing canoes until modern times is being prepared in the seaport town of New Plymouth.

This short history of the Brighter Britain of the South will be written on a highly polished section of a giant native rimu, or red pine, tree, the age of which is estimated at over a thousand years. This means that the tree was a sapling in the days when Alfred the Great fought the Danes, and about the time when the brown-skinned sea-rovers of the Pacific Ocean were beginning their voyages to the islands which we now call New Zealand.

A cross-section of the tree 6 feet in diameter has been cut out of the trunk, and both sides will be dressed and polished, making something like a huge wooden wheel the height of a tall man. The annular rings, one for each year of the tree's age, will then be plainly visible.

Notable dates in the history of the Maori people will be recorded on corresponding rings of the tree on one side; on the other side will be a record of important events in the history of the British people. Eventually this novel history book is to be placed in the museum at New Plymouth.

There is a tree-section of this kind in the Natural History Museum at Kensington.

## OUR BRAVE NURSES

### Poor Pay and Long Hours

"A strain which cannot be paralleled in any other profession" is how a Government Committee describes the nurse's work.

We must hope that the Government will see that reforms proposed by the Committee will be promptly carried out. Too many of our brave nurses are over-worked, underpaid, and badly fed.

In many hospitals, the report says, it was found that the day staff worked from 7 in the morning and finally left the ward at 8 p.m., a work-span of 13 hours with only two hours off duty. Actual working hours are from nine to ten a day for six days a week, but in some cases the nurses work much longer.

The Committee thinks the nurse should be raised to the status of the teacher, that her working week should not exceed 48 hours, and that her pay should be increased and pensions instituted.

### Passing Rich

The island of Sark seems to be a happy place; life is simple and values are right. Or so this little story seems to indicate.

The Sark Parliament met the other day in the schoolroom, the members sitting in the children's desks. The schoolmaster, Mr F. de Cartaret, ruling the island's school for 43 years, had given notice of retirement, but the Parliament would not hear of parting with him; rather than that they raised his salary from £70 a year to £100.

## The Dead Sea Lido

LAST of all things expected of the Dead Sea is a Lido; but it has one, and when it is full moon as many as 200 bathers at a time disport in the waters at Kallia at one end.

In a general way they only splash about, as at some other Lidos; for, although no one can sink in its heavy waters, it is not advisable to swim far lest by accident the head should get below the surface.

The more common danger is that if the head goes below the surface the water, which is so highly saturated with potash, bromine salts, and magnesium chloride, will probably damage the eyes.

These mineral salts, which have to be washed off the bodies of the bathers in

fresh water, have made the Dead Sea as valuable as a gold mine. In its dense waters is enough potash to supply the world for its agriculture and other purposes for 2000 years. Some 30,000 tons are extracted a year, as well as 1200 tons of bromine.

It is far from being a health resort, though there are no mosquitoes and no malaria there. The temperature goes up to 164 degrees by day and keeps at 100 by night. It is an extremely gloomy place, though full enough of historic interest to bring tourists 35 miles by car from Jerusalem. From Mount Nebo which rises on its north-eastern border Moses looked on the Promised Land. See World Map

### The Cheerful Tramp

Among our truest friends we must count Rosie, a tramp, one of our correspondents writes. She calls about once a month to see us, and is always cheerful. One day we asked her how she managed to be so happy, and she replied, "I know I can always get a cup of tea here, and anyway I have threepence in my pocket."

### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 4.17 ins.	Falmouth . . . 7.95 ins.
Sunshine . . . 45 hrs.	Gorleston . . . 5.59 ins.
Days with rain . . . 22	Birm'ham . . . 5.82 ins.
Dry days . . . 9	Chester . . . 4.76 ins.
Warmest day . . . 15th	South'pton . . . 4.29 ins.
Coldest day . . . 25th	Tynemouth . . . 4.21 ins.
Wettest day . . . 25th	Aberdeen . . . 3.74 ins.

### The Fiddler's Gift

The Manchester Central Library is richer for the gift of 2600 volumes of chamber music and 550 sets of band parts. This is the gift of Mr A. M. Beaham, who played the violin in a Manchester theatre orchestra. Perhaps he was scarcely noticed as he played his fiddle, but his gift will make him known to every lover of music.

**PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP**

**CANADA'S GOLD**  
In 1938 Canada produced more gold than ever before—4,679,685 fine ounces, worth nearly £33,000,000, and representing 37 per cent of the value of all minerals produced. Thanks to the aeroplane many mines in remote areas were developed.

**AMERICA'S TOWN FORESTS**  
To counteract the effect of the wastage of woodlands 1800 local communities in the United States have planted Town Forests. Already 3,000,000 acres have been set aside for this purpose in 27 States. See news columns.

**CORINTH CANAL**  
The Corinth Canal in Greece, connecting the Gulfs of Corinth and Aegina, is to be made wider so that big merchant ships can pass through. This four-mile canal cut through solid rock is 70 feet wide, and it was closed in December owing to cracks in the sides.

**SEALS GO TO SEA**  
The Greenland seals are now seldom seen on the coasts, but assemble on ice-floes in the open sea, where they will soon be rearing their families.

**WHEAT FOR RUSSIA**  
It sounds rather like sending coals to Newcastle to send wheat to Russia, but recently several shiploads of Australian wheat have been sold for shipment to Vladivostok. This is apparently more advantageous than sending wheat from Russia's cornlands across Siberia.

**TRANS-CHINA AIRWAY**  
The Chinese Government has arranged with Imperial Airways for a jointly-operated service between Burma and Hong Kong by way of Yunnan. Meeting British Empire airways at both ends the new service will be of great value to the interior of China.

**DEAD SEA LIDO**  
In spite of the gloomy nature of the surroundings a Lido has been established on the Dead Sea at Kallia. At full moon as many as 200 bathers may be seen in the waters, which are so saturated with salts that no swimmer could sink. See news columns.

**A ROYAL RESORT?**  
The combination of sea and desert at the headland of Ras el Kenayis, about 40 miles east of Mersa Matruh, so attracted King Farouk of Egypt during a recent visit that he is likely to build there a summer residence.

**THE TRANSANDINIAN RAILWAY**  
Since 1934, when a landslide destroyed part of the line, the Argentine section of the Transandinian Railway has been closed. The Government is to buy the railway and rebuild it so that this trade link with Chile across the mountains can be restored.

**A RED-HOT RIVER**  
An extraordinary flow of lava from a volcano in the Belgian Congo has brought devastation over a hundred square miles. The stream of lava, seven miles wide, reached Lake Kivu, 20 miles away, causing great waves and columns of steam.

**STRENGTHENING A DAM**  
Australia's great Burrinjuck Dam, which holds up the waters of the Murrumbidgee River in New South Wales for irrigation, is to be strengthened at a cost of £1,850,000. The weight of flood waters has apparently been too much for the structure.

**Other labels on map:** CANADA, USA, WEST INDIES, SOUTH AMERICA, BR. GUIANA, ARGENTINA, CHILE, Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, EUROPE, ITALY, GREECE, CORINTH CANAL, Mersa Matruh, Ras el Kenayis, EGYPT, AFRICA, BELGIAN CONGO, Lake Kivu, INDIA, BURMA, Rangoon, CHINA, Yunnan, Hong Kong, JAPAN, PACIFIC OCEAN, ASIA, Vladivostok, AUSTRALIA, Burrinjuck Dam, NEW ZEALAND, \*Campbell Is.

Equator—the middle line round the globe



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# OUTLINE of PROGRESS

Edited by CHARLES RAY, Editor of "The World of Wonder"

## ONE GOOD TURN LEADS TO ANOTHER

### Music-Lovers Help the Blind

There is no knowing where a generous idea will lead, and two ideas encouraging the love of music in children have now come together to help the rebuilding of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage.

CN readers know the two old ideas very well, for one is the idea of the Saturday morning concerts founded by Sir Robert Mayer, and the other the idea of the London Junior Orchestra established by Mr Ernest Read, with branches in many towns.

Sir Henry Wood, who has helped these two causes from the beginning (as he helps all good causes), has written to the CN to tell its readers of the new idea which has grown out of these, and which, we may hope, will be followed in many other towns.

With his Hampstead friends he has arranged for three monthly concerts for children at the Embassy Theatre, gladly lent by Mr Jack de Leon. At the first, held last Saturday, the London Junior Orchestra showed what boys and girls who had just left school could do, and the other concerts are to be given on March 11 and April 1, the programmes being obtainable from the Secretary, School for the Blind, Swiss Cottage, NW 3. It is hoped a longer series of concerts for children will be possible in the autumn.

The entire proceeds from these concerts are being given to the Rebuilding Fund of the School for the Blind, which has just completed 100 years of work in London, and looks after more than 700 blind of all ages. Music, the delight of all, means more to the blind than to most of us, and Sir Henry and his helpers are making it mean something more still.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are the details of the School Broadcast programmes for next week.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Cultivation of Vegetables—1. Onions and Shallots: by C. F. Lawrence. 2.30 Early Stages in Music—Question and Answer: by Thomas Armstrong. TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Church. 2.30 Book Talk—by S. P. B. Mais (The Worst Journey in the World, by A. C. Garrard). 3.0 Orchestral Concert—Mozart and the Overture.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Burning of Njal: by Cyril Jackson. 2.30 Biology—Strange Ways of Growing up: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (The Road-makers' Problems—Labour and Rain): by F. D. Evans. 2.5 Frogs, Toads, and Woodpeckers: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—The Five Members: by D. Scott Daniell.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Among the Nagas of Assam: by Winifred Holmes. 2.45 Poetry Programme. 3.10 Feature Programme—Coronation Scot: A programme from Scotland built up from recordings. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms (India—Education).

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Blacksmith: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—8, 2: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The Streams of Life: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Quarter Pulses: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Early Buds: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Medicine: by Janet R. Glover.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (Australia—4. Across the Desert): by H. C. Fenton. 2.45 As National.

## THE MARVELLOUS SURGEON

### New Bones For Old

The grafting of animal bone to repair human bones is described by Professor Hey Groves, of Bristol University, in the medical organ The Lancet. It is indeed a triumph of modern surgery.

The surgeon has learned how to form new bone by grafting. There was a case in which a femur (the thigh-bone, the biggest in the body) became diseased. The unhealthy part was cut out and replaced by walrus tooth. In another case diseased parts of the humerus (the upper arm-bone) of a boy were replaced with two pieces of ox bone. In a third instance part of a stag's antler was used like a nail to fix the head of a thigh-bone (which is shaped like a ball to fit into the socket of the hip) to the shaft from which it had been snapped. In this case the woman operated upon was able after a year to use the repaired thigh as freely as her undamaged one!

Not less remarkable is a case in which a surgeon cut out part of a diseased bone, boiled it to kill all the disease germs, and put it back again, with complete success.

Another successful method is to chip the broken ends of shattered bones when they fail to unite, so that the chips coalesce to form a mass. We cannot describe this in detail, but the thing is done.

We owe a great debt to the devoted men who thus save lives from misery. We shall be surprised if some of the boys who read these lines do not say to themselves:

*Would that I could become a member of so noble a profession, every day of which brings the reward of something attempted, something done.*

## Good News For the Gardener

A new and simple way of manuring the garden has been evolved by Mr C. B. Greening of the Royal Horticultural Society.

The substance he uses is the pink solution of permanganate of potash, chiefly known to us up to now as a harmless disinfectant. It has long been realised that fertile soil must contain enough decomposing matter such as garden rubbish or stable manure. Mr Greening has found that permanganate of potash decomposes organic matter already in the soil, thus forming nitric acid and producing nitrates and other plant food.

In one operation the earth is moistened by the water, aerated by the released oxygen, and warmed by the decomposition set up. When the soil does not contain enough organic matter this can be prepared in advance by pouring the solution over a heap of garden refuse, which after two months is sufficiently decomposed to be dug into the ground.

This wonderful chemical has improved the growth of red currants, radishes, lettuces, and tomatoes, and remarkable results have been obtained in the treatment of lawns. The single solution stimulates the grass, eliminates moss and matted growth, and keeps earthworms under control. If stable manure had not been plentiful in the past gardeners would no doubt have grasped the uses of this simple substance long ago.

## The Wild Cry

A big-game hunter in Africa has settled down as a garage proprietor. He declares that he will never again shoot an animal except in self-defence. The almost human cries and the expression on the face of the last gorilla he killed so affected him that he has given up big-game hunting.



## THE NEW COMET

## WHAT A BIRD KNOWS

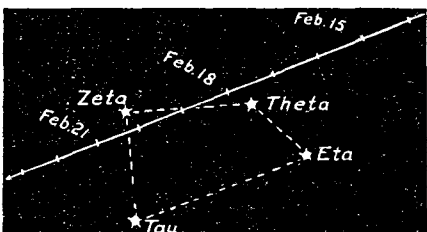
### Where Cosik-Peltier 1939a May Be Seen

### The Secret of the Stratosphere

By the C.N. Astronomer

The comet whose appearance was announced in last week's C.N. is now known as Comet Cosik-Peltier 1939a, the indicating that it is the first one to be discovered this year. It is actually the first *new* comet to be discovered since August 1937, and as this is a very exceptional interval one wonders what can account for this dearth of comets. In the first eight months of 1937 no fewer than seven new comets were discovered, which seems to confirm the idea that they arrive in parties, a bunch arriving in rapid succession though not with a similar destination. This mystifies matters because they cannot have had a common source, as certain groups of Great Comets appear to have. Still, we may look forward to more comets following the appearance of Comet Cosik-Peltier.

As it came comparatively near the Earth, being between 25 and 30 million miles away when at its nearest, its



The path which the new comet is calculated to take in the south-west sky during next week

apparent speed across the sky from north-west to south-west regions has been rapid. Calculations indicate that the comet will be passing through the constellation of Cetus during the next few days until February 22, taking a southerly course as it recedes from the Sun. There will therefore be very little further opportunity for watching it, though the absence of moonlight will be an advantage.

As soon as darkness descends the comet should be looked for in that region of Cetus containing the geometrical figure formed by its four stars, Zeta, Theta, Eta, and Tau, as shown in the star-map. As this region sets about 8 o'clock the comet should be sought as early as possible before this. Glasses will show it quite easily, as a hazy star about seventh magnitude, surrounded by an oval patch of misty light which extends as a vertical tail, stretching upwards for about twice the Moon's diameter in length.

### The Scimitar Tail

As it belongs to the class of small comets it will not appear bright, and, as it did not approach nearer than about 70 million miles to the Sun when at its nearest, there was no probability of the comet blazing up into a grand spectacle.

It is only when those grand visitors known as Great Comets approach the Sun so closely as literally to singe themselves that the familiar conception of a comet is presented, as a rule; for it is as the comet approaches and finally draws near to the Sun that the finest outburst of cometary glory is produced. This is most evident in those superb tails which can be seen with the naked eye stretching across the sky like searchlights, usually curved like a scimitar.

Such a great comet is long overdue, the last to present a grand spectacle in this country being in 1882, whereas the previous half-century had witnessed the superb visitations of the Great Comets of 1843, 1858, 1861, and 1874. Nothing approaching in grandeur these five has been seen since, except that in 1910 one blazed up very near the Sun so that it was visible in daylight, soon after sunset. But this spectacle was short-lived, the comet vanishing so quickly that very

The migration of birds has long been a mystery to all who have tried to explain how small birds travel so far and fly so long without being overcome by fatigue, and how they know their way.

When we think of the immense distances flown by swallows, martins, and swifts, and of the wide stretches of sea they have to cross, we can only marvel at one of the most amazing achievements in the realm of nature.

At one time it was believed that migratory birds flew at comparatively low altitudes; but, as recently noted on the C.N. map, it seems that American pilots have been doing something to help naturalists to solve one of the mysteries of these birds. They have been noting the speed and height at which the birds cross the Pacific.

### Helpful Air Currents

Their observations have now been studied in detail, and it appears that migrating birds do not fly low, but soar gradually to 15,000 or even 20,000 feet, often to 22,000—a height of about three and a half miles. The reason for this is now becoming apparent. It is only within the last few years that pilots have been able to avail themselves of the almost constant currents of air which blow round the world at varying altitudes, but the birds have known of these currents and have used them for thousands of years. When the swallows fly south they make the journey as easy as possible. They do not wing their way against head-winds, fighting gallantly for every mile in the manner of our earlier pilots, but soar till they come to a current of air which is travelling in the direction they wish to go. They have then little more to do than float on the wind, which carries them along at high speed, and swallows can travel at 90 or 100 miles an hour with hardly any effort.

It is wonderful that for so long the birds should have been availing themselves of these winds at high altitudes. What is known as sub-stratosphere flying is one of the most recent of all human achievements; but in mastering it men are only copying the birds, which learned it all ages since.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of February 1914

**Disappearance of a Great City.** A great city, and all that it contained, has been blotted out from the earth. It has happened in Japan, where the great volcano Sakurajima, after a sleep of 135 years, has roused itself in hideous fury, and, breathing smoke and fire and flinging forth blazing rocks, clouds of boiling lava, and showers of red-hot dust, has blotted out the villages on its island, and covered with its mantle of burning dust the ancient city of Kagoshima, situated eight miles away on the Japanese mainland. Kagoshima was a city of 75,000 people, and in a day and a night it has been blotted out.

Continued from the previous column

few people saw it. The writer was fortunate to observe it, appearing like a vertical flame curving upwards from where the Sun had just set, but for only three evenings. The comet's head appeared as bright as Venus, while the tail was as long as 60 full Moons placed side by side. This comet appears to have grazed the Sun, like those of 1843 and 1882.

Something like these spectacles are what we are waiting for, and there must by now be one of these great and grand celestial visitors well on its way towards us to provide several weeks, or even months, of celestial entertainment.

G. F. M.

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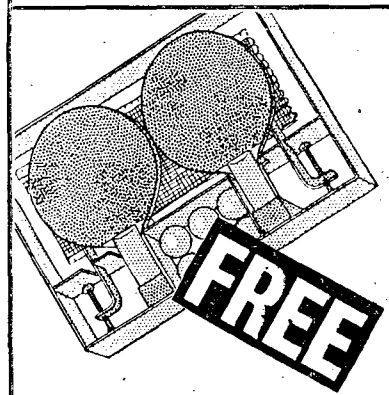


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# MAKING THE BEST OF IT

By  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 3

### Polton Takes Charge

NEXT morning Rake and Elliott inclined to agree they had carried things a little too far last night. Though both had got back safely, and Polton as well, on thinking it over they felt they had run too much risk. However, they had tamed Polton. That was the chief thing.

"So now we've got him where we want him," smiled Elliott, "we'll keep him there. We'll keep him tamed. Keep him eating out of our hand."

So presently they dropped into Polton's study, and observing "How goes it, old boy?" they sat themselves down. Then Elliott said, "Listen! I believe in 'live and let live.' So Rake and I are not going to rag you any more, Polton. And in return we suggest that you reciprocate."

"Reciprocate? What do you mean by that?" stuttered Polton.

"Oh, it's pretty good English, isn't it?" Elliott said airily. "It means that you won't interfere with us, Polton, old friend. Tit for tat. You go your way, and Rake and I, we go ours."

"I do wish you'd leave me alone," Polton said wearily.

"Of course we will. That's just what I've been explaining. All we ask you to do is to turn a blind eye now and then."

"I understand," replied Polton.

"Good! That's a bargain!" they told him.

He had no time then to contemplate their proposal, but when his thoughts returned to it it looked good. No more trouble from Elliott and Rake. Nothing more to worry about, to come between him and his work, to overshadow him like a cloud; no more worry; just plain sailing. Yes, it looked good.

If it looked good to Polton, to Elliott and Rake it looked better. From now on they could do what they liked in their corridor; they were kings of the corridor, they told themselves heartily.

"So long as we steer clear of Aird we're on velvet," cried Rake.

"Aird's study is on the other side of the house!"

"Yes. Congrats!" smiled Elliott.

There were no complaints, then. Not, at least, till the following morning, when they found a notice on the board in the lobby, which was signed by Mr Verrell and stated that Elliott and Rake would surrender their studies to Barnett and Fletcher. They knew whose doing that was; Aird's, of course! Aird had never been keen on their having studies, they knew.

But what a mercy they'd got Polton under their thumb! All they had to do was to send him to Verrell and get the change cancelled. Splendid idea! Polton must say, "I am responsible, sir, for that corridor. And certainly I think Rake and Elliott should stay. They are very useful to me in preserving discipline in my corridor."

What a sell for Aird!

So in they burst upon Polton, who listened attentively. Then he said, with his stutter, "But Aird had nothing to do with it!"

"They gaped. 'Who had, then?' Rake shouted.

Polton said, "It was my doing." Very quietly he uttered this, watching their faces.

And these were well worth watching. Such black fury filling them—before the storm broke. Bitterly Elliott flung Polton's promises into his teeth, while Rake kept on calling him a treacherous hound.

"No," said Polton, when they let him get a word in, "I have broken no promises. The only promise I made was not to report you. I've kept that. But when you came yesterday with your blind eye suggestion, and your tit for tat, and reciprocate, and the rest of it, all I told you was that I understood you. I did. Wait! Let me finish," he insisted, when Rake would have stopped him. "I was rather fed up with you, so I went and told Verrell that I wasn't keen on having you two in my corridor."

"Tantamount to reporting us!"

Polton smiled. "Not a bit," he said. "I never told Verrell one word of what you'd been up to. I merely suggested that I'd like you out of my corridor. He laughed and said very well, then, he would remove you." Polton's faint smile quickened. "They must make the best of it," Verrell said.

"All right!" roared Rake. "Well, you know what you're going to do now, Polton?"

"No," said Polton, with a new show of interest. "What?"

"You're going to Verrell to tell him you made a mistake."

"No," said Polton.

"Oh, yes, you are! You can spin Verrell any yarn you like, but unless we're moved back to studies you're going to regret it. By George you are! We'll take care of that!"

"Oh!" said Polton.

"Well? When are you going to Verrell?"

"I'm not going, Rake."

Then Elliott, who had been silent for a few moments, said coldly, "So it's war, Polton!"

"War?" sighed Polton. "No. Prefects don't make war on subordinates."

Now what did he mean by that, they asked each other incredulously as they departed. Did it actually mean that he was going to defy them!

They burst out laughing.

## CHAPTER 4

### The New Job

FROM the common-room to the day-room was hardly a step, both being reached by the turning off Polton's corridor. So the day-room, where the juniors disported themselves, was under Polton's amiable jurisdiction, and being an orderly domain it gave him no trouble. He was therefore mildly astonished this wet Sunday afternoon to hear a good deal of noise from the day-room.

Well, the urchins were enjoying themselves, he reflected. And why shouldn't they? They hadn't to slog away at work, as he was doing at this moment. Good luck to them! Their time for slogging would come.

Still, he wished they wouldn't kick up quite such a shindy. He'd better go along and remind them they weren't in the Zoo.

So, smiling good-humouredly, Polton rose from his chair and took his scraggy and gentle form to the day-room.

Having opened the door quietly, he stood there a moment, unseen by the crowd at the farther end of the room, who were lined up with their backs to him, in double rank, shooting their arms mechanically backwards and forwards, like toy figures jerking, and shouting all the time. He had not witnessed this game before, and it might have

amused him if it had not been attended by so much commotion, and if he had not noticed that one of the youngsters, who jerked out his arm but forgot to shout simultaneously, received a crack on the knuckles from the instructor stationed in front of them and armed with a ruler.

The smile with which Polton had entered froze on his lips. Not so much by reason of the sight of that crack on the knuckles, but by reason of its administrator. Perceiving him framed in the doorway on that same instant, Rake flourished the ruler and bellowed out, "Come in, old man!" And, behold, from the background rose Elliott. "Yes, come in!" he seconded. "We're teaching these kids the semaphore game. Come and join us!"

The startled kids broke their ranks as Polton stepped forward. There was an unnatural whiteness about his lips, and he stuttered more than usual in finding his voice. His words came weakly. "You've no right here," he brought out. "You've no right in the day-room. You know that well, both of you."

Elliott looked at the youngsters and laughed to them. "Do you hear that?" he said. "We've no right in here! Why didn't you fire us out?" Some of them smirked feebly, others were sniggering, and one or two had coloured up in their discomfort. Then, brandishing his ruler like a conductor's baton, Rake shouted, "Now, all together! Three cheers for old Polton!"

It fell flat. Rake grinned. "That's all for the day," he announced. "Come on, Elliott, old boy."

"No," Polton said sharply. "Not yet."

They might have pushed past him, and would have done very likely had it not been for the challenge in that sharp command. If they strode away now these youngsters might suppose they funked him. So they dropped on to one of the forms and stretched out their legs. "Right! Anything to oblige you, old fellow!" drawled Elliott.

Polton raised his voice. "You'll all stay in the room," he commanded. "Except you, Newman." He beckoned to the same youngster whom Rake had used the other night as a decoy. He spoke to Newman in an undertone. Newman went out.

The giggling and whispering had ceased. The youngsters stared mutely. Only Elliott and Rake remained at their derisive ease. And looking at Polton they could detect his legs trembling.

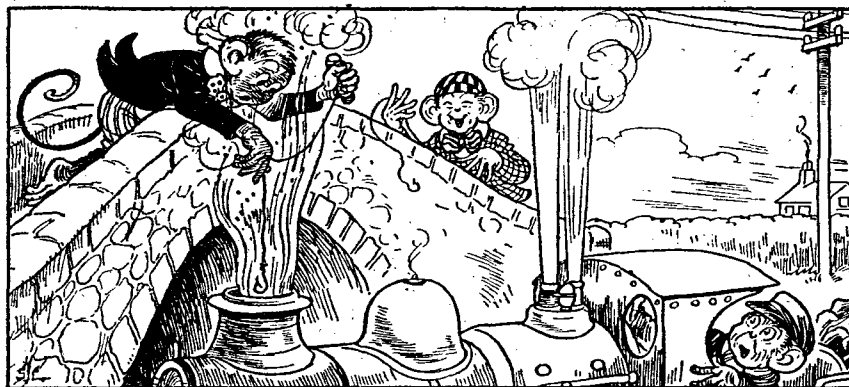
Then Newman returned. He shut the

## JACKO LOSES HIS HAT

BIG Sister Belinda was giving a party. Jacko was invited, of course, and so was Chimp.

They were going together, and had agreed to meet by the bridge.

It was a little old footbridge, and by the side of it was the railway-line. As they ran across an engine came puffing along, and stopped just below them.



Jacko looked like a sweep

They leaned over to look. It was a windy day. Suddenly a gust of wind took Jacko's cap and whisked it off. It twirled round and round, shot up in the air—and dropped straight down the funnel!

Chimp roared with laughter. But Jacko was horrified. The wretched cap was brand-new.

"Mater won't half be mad," he declared. "I'll have to get it back somehow."

"You've got your work cut out," Chimp told him.

"I'll have a shot at it, anyhow," retorted Jacko.

He pulled some string out of his pocket, fastened a bit of wire to the end, and tried to hook the cap up.

Of course he couldn't. Chimp went on laughing, and Jacko got more and more furious. And all the time the smoke came puffing out, covering him with clouds of soot and nearly choking him. He looked like a sweep.

He had to give it up. "Come on," he growled at last. "Let's go and sample the party."

"You can't turn up like that," said Chimp, staring at him.

"Can't I?" said Jacko, scowling. "You'll see."

But he was reckoning without Belinda. She gave a little shriek when she caught sight of him and marched him straight off to the bathroom.

It meant a hot tub and a change before he was allowed to get near the tea-table, and by that time the best of the cakes had gone. Poor Jacko!

door fast behind him. He was carrying a cane, which he handed to Polton.

Polton took it in a dead silence. And in that dead silence the Polton they were watching became a new Polton. His face was white still, but white as marble is white and hard as marble is hard, and his eyes burned with purpose. For a moment his lips compressed themselves. Then he spoke.

No longer a stammer. "I am going to cane you," he uttered. "I am going to cane you both for being in this day-room."

Red with anger, Rake and Elliott sprang up to their feet.

"You fool!" roared Rake. "You're not allowed to cane, Polton!" While Elliott curled his lips in a sneer. "Don't be babyish," he said. "Prefects aren't allowed to cane without special leave." He glanced at the youngsters. "Polton's really too funny!" he told them. But they turned their heads away from him, clustering together.

"I am going to cane you. You first, Elliott. Come here!"

It was the voice of authority, unyielding as steel.

Rake was convulsed with passion, and just for one instant it looked as though they would knock Polton down and rush out. As they might have done had not Elliott, keeping his head, reminded his friend in a whisper of the penalty of striking a prefect in front of his juniors. They had floored him in the shed with nobody by. He had over-looked that. But the consequences of striking him before all these witnesses would be too disastrous even for the most reckless.

So the battle, which had been joined between them at last, resolved itself into a battle of wills. Their savage wills were daring Polton to touch them: his will was fighting to beat down theirs, to crush theirs. And the small fry stood in a huddle like terrified sheep.

Then, with a clumsy pretence of indifference which deceived none of them, the youngsters saw Elliott step forward, and Rake at his heels. Almost holding their breath, they watched the two take their deserts and then slink from the room.

Without a word Polton strode after them.

But his way was different from theirs. Their way was that of self-reproach and of humiliation. His way took him straight up to Mr Verrell. "If you please, sir," he said in a quick breath, "I've come to resign."

"Oh!" Mr Verrell said, looking up, "What's the matter?"

"I know prefects aren't allowed to use the cane without leave, sir. I have just been caning two fellows."

"Tell me all about it," said Mr Verrell.

So Polton narrated what had occurred in the day-room. And receiving no comment except a long, searching look his feelings rose to the surface and swept him along with them. "Sir, you remember," he said, his stutter returning, "how I begged you not to make me a prefect, because I guessed how I'd have to grin and bear it from Elliott and Rake?"

He had come to a stop. Mr Verrell said, "Yes? Go on, Polton."

"So I'd rather have been out of it altogether. But you wouldn't let me. Then I couldn't keep on grinning and bearing, so I made up my mind to do—do neither," he said with a stammer. "I thought Elliott and Rake should try—the—the grinning and bearing."

"You have caned them without permission. You have broken my rule. I accept your resignation," was the rejoinder.

"Yes, sir," said Polton.

"And that makes a vacancy. I appoint you to fill it. And don't break my rules again," Mr Verrell said quietly. "Although, indeed, I don't think you'll have any call for that, Polton, seeing how effectively you have tamed those two fellows. I believe tamed is the word for it, isn't it?"

"I believe so, sir," Polton answered in strange, eager tones.

Then he saw Mr Verrell smiling, and felt those wise eyes, those grave and very wise eyes, come straight to his own. "My dear Polton," the quiet voice uttered, "can't you guess now my object in turning you into a prefect? You were growing slack. You were not running true to your form. I didn't like the company you were keeping. But because you'd got decent stuff in you I thought I'd try if the sense of authority would pull you together. Aird was in my secret. He'll be as pleased as I am that we've succeeded."

Astonishing daring of Polton. His scraggy form straightening, he stuttered out, "Am I making the best of it, sir?"

And astonishing rejoinder. "No, better than that. You have made a new job of it, Polton." Mr Verrell paused. "A new job of yourself," he said, happily.

THE END



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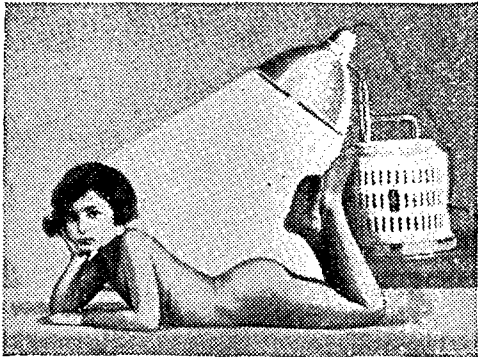
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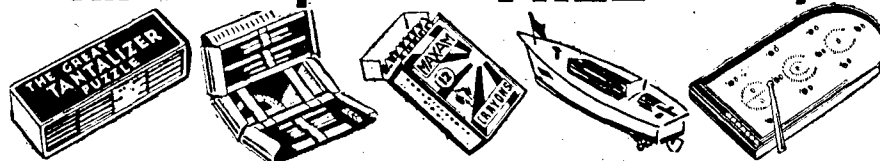
IS MAINTAINED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS AND NEEDS GENEROUS ASSISTANCE TO CONTINUE ITS GOOD WORK

**£3,500 a year is needed**

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The Hon. Mary Davies	5 0 0	Miss E. F. Daniels	2 0 0	School	2 0 0	Smith	5 0 0
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Mrs. C. Wills	1 1 0	School	0 0 0	Miss D. Poinon	17 0 0	Miss M. Waldox	5 0 0
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lor	2 0 0	Mrs. East	0 0 0	son	1 0 0	Mrs. Kerry	2 0 0
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Miss Helen M.	2 0 0	Miss E. M. New-	2 0 0	Miss D. Arton	1 17 0	der	1 9 0
James	2 0 0	ton	2 0 0	Miss E. M. Ellis	1 0 0	Miss E. Butchers	10 0 0
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more	1 1 0	Miss D. Davanion	2 0 0	Miss H. W. Moir	5 0 0	Leachman	5 0 0
Miss E. Muirbridge	1 1 0	Miss A. Gordon	10 0 0	Miss D. Arton	1 17 0	Nurse M. Mac-	10 0 0
Miss Rashdall	10 0 0	James Keylock	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. W.	6 0 0	Donald	12 0 0
Miss A. G. Tate	10 0 0	Miss J. C. Port	1 1 0	Mr. Evans	3 0 0	Mrs. Pace	12 0 0
James E. Ouden	3 0 0	La dny Elizabeth	1 1 0	Miss E. E. Gwyn	3 0 0	Miss Elsie Tate	10 0 0
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The Misses Cha-	10 0 0	cher Hamilton	6 0 0	Shorey	1 6 0	Mrs. Wize	5 0 0
loner Smith	10 0 0	Wandsworth Unity	2 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	6 0 0	Miss H. H. Wheat-	2 0 0
Miss F. Tracey	1 1 0	Girls' Club	8 0 0	cher Hamilton	6 0 0	land	2 0 0
Miss A. Bishop	1 1 0	Bracknell Dra-	8 16 8	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. M. E. Wal-	2 0 0
Miss Sheila Blake	7 0 0	matic Club	8 16 8	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	ters	2 0 0
Miss E. E. Car-	2 0 0	Misses J. and P.	10 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss B. Hambley	1 0 0
lyle	2 0 0	Rogers	5 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss L. Moore	1 0 0
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A. P. Hooper	2 0 0	kins	15 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	ton	1 1 0
Mrs. W. F. Jones	2 0 0	Miss M. Polley	15 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Daffodil Club	19 0 0
Miss J. J. Rush-	1 0 0	Miss Ruchlin	4 3 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	(Overseas)	19 0 0
brook	1 0 0	S. S. Allbrook	6 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss M. McCyl-	2 0 0
King Edward VII	5 0 0	Jean Courlay	1 5 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	month	2 0 0
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chap	2 0 0	Miss M. Bull	4 5 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss B. Carver	1 1 0
Mrs. C. MacLeod	5 0 0	K. M. Burroughs	15 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss Gill	11 0 0
Mrs. C. M. Mc-	5 0 0	and Miss Cooke	15 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss E. Fitz	2 0 0
Miss E. V. M.	5 0 0	Mrs. Chandler	1 2 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	maurice	2 0 0
Riccall	5 0 0	Miss E. Greve	1 1 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss Russell	2 0 0
Miss Deva Singh	5 0 0	Miss S. Green	1 1 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss Elliot	6 6 0
The Princess Von	1 1 0	Miss S. Holland	6 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	J. W. Davidson	1 1 0
Croy	1 1 0	Misses B. and G.	7 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	1st Maidstone Girl	1 9 0
Miss M. Wright	3 0 0	Lindsay	2 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Gaudes	1 9 0
J. R. Birnie	10 0 0	Mrs. Wightwick	10 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss C. H. Os-	5 0 0
Miss A. Verif	5 0 0	Miss D. Hughes	6 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	borne	5 0 0
Demuth	5 0 0	Miss E. Hands	1 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss E. A. Nowell	7 0 0
Mrs. K. Edden	5 0 0	Misses Botelle	12 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss B. Biddell	11 0 0
Miss S. M. Farrow	5 0 0	Miss N. M. Stoker	7 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Misses J. and M.	1 1 0
Miss M. V. Jones	10 0 0	Miss G. Davies	7 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Gutter	1 1 0
Mrs. R. C. Nunn	2 0 0	Knowles and	1 1 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss A. S. Mann	10 0 0
Mrs. Roberts	2 0 0	Foster	1 1 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Daffodil Club	10 0 0
The Lady Craig-	1 1 0	Miss P. Farley	1 1 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	(Wild Rose Sec-	110 0
ton	1 1 0	Miss E. Salvesson	7 8 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	tion)	110 0
Miss E. C. Stowell	2 0 0	Miss C. Elwell	7 8 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss K. Polden	1 0 0 0
Miss Joan Ayns-	5 0 0	Mrs. E. Davis	12 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. A. Parker	1 0 0 0
ley	5 0 0	Miss B. Greenfield	10 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss M. Barnes	1 0 0 0
Miss E. Hinks	2 0 0	Mrs. Gray	10 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Misses Green	1 0 0 0
Miss M. Davey	2 0 0	Mrs. A. Hall	7 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	School	1 0 0 0
The Misses Pent-	10 0 0	Miss A. G. Mac-	2 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	A. Blackman	10 0 0
land	10 0 0	Kenzie	15 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. Huxford	10 0 0
Uplands School,	6 2 0	Miss M. Butler	26 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	P. H. I. Dolton	1 0 0 0
St. Leonards	26 0 0	Miss E. W. Broad	26 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss M. Mann	1 5 0 0
Mrs. B. Briscoe	5 0 0	Miss M. Kilburn	26 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. B. Hall	10 0 0
Miss P. M. Ferret	5 0 0	C. W. Lambert	1 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss L. L. E.	5 0 0
Miss M. G. Jones	5 0 0	Longley Bros.	11 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Thobias	5 0 0
Mrs. E. B. Temple	5 0 0	P. H. Winters	5 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss Audrey Pope	1 0 0 0
Miss A. M. Rich-	5 0 0	Miss G. Simmons	3 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	A. J. Macfarlane	1 0 0 0
mond	5 0 0	Miss P. Cummings	4 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss M. Weight	7 0 0
Miss J. Peacock	5 0 0	Mrs. E. Robinson	4 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss L. Chis-	7 0 0
Miss F. Faires	5 0 0	The Misses S. and	16 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Daffodil Club (per	10 0 0
Cooden Mount	1 1 0	E. Askin	16 6 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss B. Hart	10 0 0
Estates	1 1 0	Miss B. Longs-	1 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Misses Burdell	6 0 0
Mrs. Oldham	10 0 0	Miss B. Nicholls	1 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	E. J. Hewitt	12 0 0
Miss E. V.	3 0 0	Miss J. Nicholls	1 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Miss Robson	10 0 0
Powell	3 0 0	Frank Peters	5 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. Masley	10 0 0
The Dower	2 0 0	Miss J. M. Pitts	5 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. Rowlett	5 0 0
folk	2 0 0	Miss W. Kelly	5 0 0 0	Miss M. E. Tit-	2 0 0	Mrs. Osborne	110 0
				Miss E. Gray	2 0 0	Anonymous Con-	19 6

## All these presents FREE to any boy or girl



**TANTALIZER PUZZLE** A grand game for wet week-ends. You will just love it. 15 Coupons and Free Voucher.

**WRITING WALLET** with pens, pencils, rubber, ink eraser, ruler, set square and protractor. 54 Coupons and Free Voucher.

**BOX OF CRAYONS** In six different colours. Draw funny pictures of your friends! 15 Coupons and Free Voucher.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 18, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

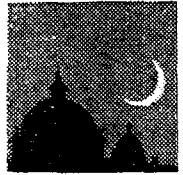
## THE BRAN TUB

### The Polar Bear

THE polar bear in frozen wastes Can't get a great amount of fun. I guess he'd like to see me there, To hand him out a sugar bun.

### Other Worlds Next Week

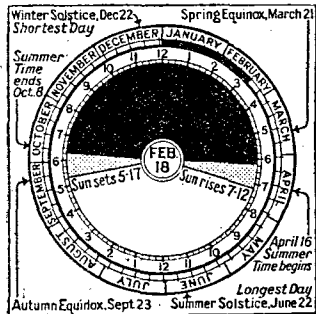
IN the evening Jupiter is in the west, Saturn in the south-west, and Uranus in the south. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 6 p.m. on February 21.



**What Happened on Your Birthday**  
Feb. 19. David Garrick born 1717  
20. Frederick Douglass, anti-slavery agitator, died 1895  
21. Cardinal Newman born 1801  
22. Sydney Smith died 1845  
23. Samuel Pepys born 1633  
24. Scots defeated English at Battle of Roslin 1303  
25. Earl of Essex beheaded 1601

### The C.N. Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 18. The black section



of the circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone. The days are now getting longer.

## MORE MONEY PRIZES FOR CN READERS

Do you know what the people and the figures and objects in these pictures are doing? supply the clues. Here is the list in correct order:

Two prizes of ten shillings and 25 half-crowns are offered for the best-written correct or nearest to correct solutions sent by girls and boys of 15 or under.

One word is missing from each of the descriptions given

- 1 Using a road
- 2 a step
- 3 a jumper
- 4 Ringing a
- 5 Using a rope
- 6 Speaking on the
- 7 Sharpening a
- 8 a pancake
- 9 Blowing
- 10 a door



### Can You Find Another?

THE great statesman Canning, being asked if he could find a rhyme to the name Juliana, immediately said:  
Walking in the shady grove  
With my Juliana,  
For lozenges I gave my love  
Ipecacuanha.

### This Week in Nature

THE toad begins to leave the haunts in which it has spent the winter. This creature does not frequent watery situations in the way that frogs do, but prefers to be among stones, in a crevice in an old wall, or in a greenhouse or an aquarium. The toad is easily distinguished from the frog, chiefly by its warty skin.

### Ici on Parle Français



La petite chatte La ferme Le pas de porte  
kitten farm doorstep  
Papa a emmené notre petite chatte à une ferme éloignée. Mais un matin nous l'avons trouvée de retour sur le pas de porte.

Daddy took our kitten to a farm a long way off. But one morning we found her back again on the doorstep.

### Useful

Why should we always carry a watch when travelling in a dry desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Can You Read These?  
I see you are too wise to eat too much before tea.  
Take care before you seize bees.  
If your enemy sees you run before you are caught.

### Jumbled Proverbs

Rolling stones gather no moss.  
Birds of a feather flock together.  
Time and tide wait for no man.  
All is not gold that glitters.

**Rhyming Puzzle.** The missing words were long, song, gong, prong, belong, throng, thong, wrong.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

PROMPT LETTER  
TICE OWE DTRY  
POT ONI ON IRE  
STEAM R OATEN  
A THEREFORE F  
LT ONE ANT DO  
TIDY ARC STIR  
ELI SLATS RAC  
RENEW T STYLE

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

A FRIEND who had just called at their mother's house had given Jess and Billy sixpence each.  
"What will you buy with yours?" Jess asked her brother.

"Nuts—a nice lot to store," he replied.

Jess laughed. "With sixpence?" she scoffed. "Why, it won't buy even a pound!"

Billy grinned triumphantly at her. "My way of spending it will buy lots," he asserted. "It will pay the return bus fare to Scorbury Forest. There are loads of nuts there for the picking; we can bring home a little sackful each."

Their dog Jinks was only too pleased to go on the nutting expedition with them, the ride on the top of the bus being as much fun to him as it was to the children.

Later that afternoon he was having a last scamper among the fallen leaves in one of the forest glades, the children having just tied up their sacks, which were full to the top, when a thudding noise sounded and across the glade a herd of deer came racing by.

Billy grabbed at his sister's arm as two of them came unpleasantly near.

But Jinks was not having any nonsense from stags; he

was in front of them in a jiffy, making such a din with his barking that the animals were soon making off after the others. Jinks raced after them, evidently intent on seeing them out of the neighbourhood. In vain the children called and whistled: Jinks had a job to do.

"He'll be back soon," Billy said at last. "We'll have a rest till he comes."

But when time went on and no Jinks appeared the children grew rather anxious.

"I expect he has run too far and lost himself for a bit," Billy said; "but we must make for a bus now before it

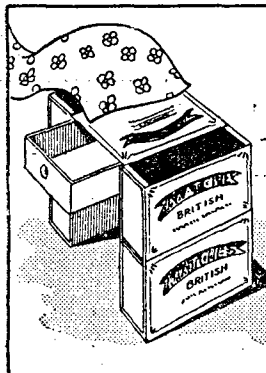
## JINKS FINDS HIS WAY

gets dusk. Perhaps we'll find him on the way."

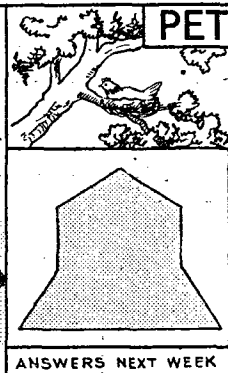
However, it was a very long-faced pair that presently got out of the bus that passed their gate, at which their mother was standing.

"Oh, Mummy! Jinks is lost!" Jess was beginning to wail, when Jinks himself ran out of the house, wagging his tail and barking joyfully.

"He is speaking for himself about that," laughed the children's mother. "He arrived on the last bus. He was at the terminus, the conductor said, evidently tired out and waiting for you, so he let him get on."



Glue five matchboxes together as shown and fix a boot button for the drawer-handle. Cover with wallpaper. You can now keep foreign stamps in it.



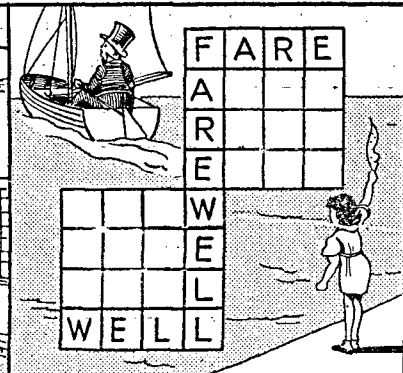
ANSWERS NEXT WEEK



Divide the shape inset above into four parts of the same size and shape by drawing only two straight lines.



In the above picture the artist has made six errors. What are they?



Insert the following letters to complete this double word-square. AACDDDEEHIIINOOSVV

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**MODERN BOY** TWOPENCE EVERY SATURDAY

## CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

A strong dose of medicine can torture a child, like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little inside. How different the easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs,' a liquid fruit laxative which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste-matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. After the half-digested food and poisonous waste-matter have passed from the system the child is like a different being—happy and full of 'go.'

Many mothers give 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. Kiddies love it and it keeps them regular, happy and well. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.